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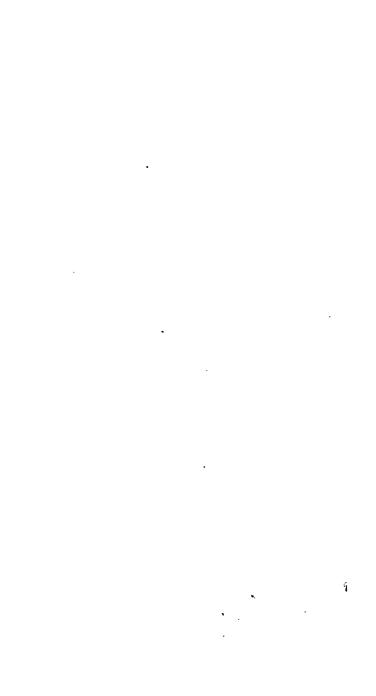
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CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

A Pabel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

24

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER,

AUTHOR OF

JEALOUSY, OR THE DREADFUL MISTAKE.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow's above us, (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud Thro' all her works), He must delight in virtue; And that which Hz delights in, must be happy.

ADDISON.

Mor. 11.

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CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

CHAP. I.

Eager to serve the cause, perhaps untried,
But always apt to chuse the suff'ring side;
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

MRS. H. MORE.

THE clock struck five, and Adeliza had but just closed her eyes in sleep, when she was awakened by a disagreeable sensation in her throat, like that of being suffocated.

vol. 11.

B She

She was soon completely roused; and, to her inconceivable terror, discovered her room was filled with a thick smoke. instantly rose, and opening her door, from the strong smell of fire, was convinced that at least part of the house was in flames. Dreadfully alarmed, she flew up stairs to call the servants. All was now hurry and consternation, for the drawing-room was in a blaze. Adeliza, whose presence of mind never forsook her, presently found that only the ornaments as yet were on fire, and strenuously endeavoured to persuade the servants to bring water, before it would be too late to quench it; but the best regulated household in town, only tried who should quickest make their escape from this scene of confusion and danger. Alarmed by the uproar below, Mrs. Grimalkin now hurried down stairs; the house

was soon filled with neighbours, who, apprehensive for their own safety, eagerly assisted in quenching the fire. One person, in a voice that seemed familiar to Adeliza's ear, was particularly loud in her lamentations; so much so, that she thought she must be at least one protegé of Mrs. Grimalkin's, who she was astonished had not, during this bustle, made her appearance. The terrified people who were assembled, by following Adeliza's judicious instructions, given with the utmost calmness, soon succeeded in putting out the fire. Seeing all danger at length over, they retired to their respective homes.

The person who had all this time kept close to Adeliza, now, to her inexpressible surprise, exclaimed—

"Oh my child, my darling Letitia, what is become of you!"

Adeliza gazed with mute astonishment; for in the metamorphosed figure before her, she now recognised Mrs. Grimalkin.

"Oh Heavens!" continued the lady, "I sadly fear my child is dead from terror; perhaps she now is fainting on her bed! Cruel Miss Pembroke, to be so unfeeling as to desert my sweet girl at such a time as this! How could you do so?"

"To save your house from the devouring flames," gruffly retorted Mr. Grimalkin; "and the method you take of shewing your gratitude, is by grossly abusing your generous preserver."

Mrs. Grimalkin took not the least notice of what her husband said, but went on, bewailing the loss of her darling Letitia. Adeliza went up to her room; but there

she

she was not, nor in any part of the house was she to be found, nor one servant remaining. Adeliza was a second time insulted by Mrs. Grimalkin, who told her she heartily repented having taken so artful a creature under her roof:—had it not been for her criminal carelessness, she might now have been blessed with the society of her charming niece. In spite, however, of her violent sorrow, and grievous apprehensions, Mrs. Grimalkin went quietly to bed; nor did she once ring her bell till after ten o'clock, long before which Miss Letitia had returned home with the housemaid. Adeliza, who had been extremely unhappy about her, asked how she could be so inconsiderate as to alarm her aunt so dreadfully.

"Oh!" answered she, pertly, "my aunt will, I know, be obliged to me for giving

her an opportunity of displaying her fine feelings; she cared nothing about me. How I did laugh, as I leant over the banisters, and heard you talking to her, without, I am certain, so much as guessing who she was, and wondering, I dare say, how my aunt could remain quietly up stairs in such a bustle! Well, to be sure, it was so odd, and so very comical !-I dare say she had no notion of being so roused. Good gracious! how frightful she did look without either paint, hair, or teeth! I do believe I shall laugh in her face the very next time I see her. One thing I am resolved to tell her, if she begins to scold me—and that is, that a hundred times I have heard her say self-preservation is the first law of nature, therefore I got out of the way of mischief as fast as I could."

A note

A note was just at this moment brought to Adeliza; it was from the Marchioness Almanza, begging she would do her the favour of passing the day with her, if not more agreeably engaged. She wrote in answer, she should certainly do herself the honour of waiting on the Marchioness. Adeliza had made up her mind to leave Mrs. Grimalkin, and on no account whatever, after what had passed, to remain another night under the same roof with her. With this determination she acquainted her as soon as she came down stairs; and in return, was treated in such a manner. and received such low-bred invectives. as no woman with any particle of feeling, or possessed of any thing that bore the slightest semblance to a heart, could have imagined, much less given utterance to. When she had exhausted her poissard eloquence, R 4

eloquence, and her breath together, she ceased; and Adeliza, taking advantage of the momentary cessation, with calm dignity replied—

"What, Madam, you have now said, believe me, has failed totally of the effect you intended. The accusations you bring against me, are equally mean and untrue; the shafts thrown with such pointed malice, so far from wounding, lie perfectly harmless. Secure in conscious innocence, I despise, as I defy their power."

Slightly bowing, 'Adeliza left the presence of Mrs. Grimalkin (who was almost choked with pride and indignation), and soon after the house. Her just self-opinion had hitherto supported her; but the cause that excited it removed, she burst into a violent passion of tears.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "wherefore was I born? Sent into a cruel world, to be the sport of every adverse wind! Would that I were quietly laid in the cold and dreary grave by my lamented mother; there at least I should remain undisturbed."—Her eyes streamed afresh, as she reflected on those days of happiness and peace spent under her parent's roof.

The coach now stopped, as she had ordered it, at her former lodging. She alighted, and had her trunks taken in. She then went up to her old friend, and tapping at his door (upon saying who she was) was desired to come in. She told him all her grievances; and he was quite pleased, he said, to find she had left that malicious bad woman, Mrs. Grimalkin, for such she really was. Again he repeated his offers of service, and begged she would

be particularly careful how another time she engaged herself. The Marchioness Almanza he knew nothing of, but sincerely hoped she would prove an agreeable new acquaintance.—The second floor of this house being at present occupied, Adeliza was obliged to be content to make use of the garret, though so small, that when the bed was turned down, it completely filled the room.

Dressing herself with her accustomed neatness, she set out for the house of the Marchioness, and was welcomed with unaffected kindness by that elegant creature herself.

" I trust," said she, "my dear Miss Pembroke, you will excuse the liberty I have taken, in requesting the favour of your company. I should certainly have called upon you; but to own the truth,

I rather

I rather dreaded seeing Mrs. Grimalkin after the events of last night; and my Ferdinand, ever kindly attentive, persuaded me that you would pardon this freedom."

"I entreat your Ladyship," replied Adeliza, "will make no farther apology for what gives me the utmost pleasure. Believe me, I am truly grateful for the attention with which you have honoured me."

The Marchioness bowed, and went on, saying—

"You have, my dear Miss Pembroke, a number of admirers here. I do think I feel myself a little inclined to be jealous; but come, I will lead you to my friends, and you shall judge for yourself. My dear mother you have already seen."

Adeliza, with the Marchioness, now reached an elegant saloon. Here the most interesting

interesting picture met her eye. Seated in an arm-chair, was the elderly lady she had before seen, as if engaged in explaining some important subject to a lovely girl, who sat at her feet upon a crimson velvet stool. The figure of this charming pupil was slender, her complexion transparently fair, her eyes dark blue, now raised with animated attention, as with delight she listened to her ever reverend grandmother, who, with a countenance expressive of all that sensibility, virtue, and matured wisdom could inspire, regarded the angelic listening creature as one of Nature's purest, as well as most perfect Her flaxen hair wantoned in glossy curls round her beautiful face; her luxuriant tresses were twisted up with graceful carelessness by the hand of her elegant aunt. The Marquis leant in an attitude of deep

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deep attention against the chimney-piece; while the old lady, pleased (as she could not fail to be) with her interesting auditors, as well as the beauty and force of what she was descanting upon, looked like a being of a superior order. Her uncommonly fine and expressive eyes, lighted up with the radiance of divine truth, were almost too much, to be viewed with steadiness; the interest she felt, spread a glow so rich over her face, as might, though advanced in years, have added beauty to the countenance even of a Hebe. This picture Adeliza, with the Marchioness, had stopped at the saloon door to contemplate; but the elder lady, who, quick as thought, saw every thing, soon perceived them, and rose to welcome her new visitor. Nothing could be more truly gratifying than the reception she met with from every one; the beautiful Anna frankly extended herhand, and with artless simplicity said— "I know I shall love you."

Before an hour had elapsed, Adeliza found herself perfectly at ease with every member of this incomparable family. The Duchess of Ormond (for such was the elder lady) was a woman of the strongest sense and most acute penetration; she dévoted herself to her family, who in return almost worshipped her. To those, whose conduct or principles she did not approve, she could say the severest, the most humbling things; no deceit could be practised with success upon her; her eyes appeared as if they could pierce to the very secrets of the soul: but where she formed a good opinion, nothing could be more gentle and truly affectionate than the manner in which she treated the distinguished



guished person. It followed that, in proportion as she was feared by the despicable part of the creation, she was adored by those she honoured with her friendship. In the midst of a firm but well-poised authority, no young person could be a more lively and entertaining, as well as instructive companion; and when a smile irradiated her fine countenance, it conveyed an expression so animated, that not the finest painter that ever lived, could have done justice to it. The Marchioness was her youngest daughter, and no juster description could be given of her, than to say she was the sweet juvenile counterpart of her mother. She had lately married the Marquis Almanza, a young Spanish Nobleman of high birth and large fortune; his person handsome, manners most truly pleasing, and his heart and temper excellent.

The

The Duchess could not bring herself to make any objection to this union, as the young people were very much attached to each other; for she never consulted her own ease or inclination when the happiness of her children was put in competition with either; otherwise this marriage was not what she could have wished, as by the commands of an uncle, from whom the Marquis had great expectations, he was obliged to take his wife over to Spain: and at this period, the Duchess had only a fortnight allowed her to keep this amiable daughter with her. The Marchioness was the only child now living out of five, having lost one sister older, and three brothers, the eldest, Anna's father, having died about a twelvemonth back. demise, the Dukedom of Ormond became extinct. Lady Anna Feversham therefore inherited

inherited her mother's as well as her father's immense possessions, and now lived constantly with her grandmother. Fortunate it was for the Duchess that she had this sweet girl to take the charge of; otherwise the parting with the Marchioness would have been still more distressing.

The Duke of Ormond, who had been dead some time, was a very eccentric and severe man;—his death was considered by those who knew him, rather as a release, than a cause of distress to his friends.

Having described this family, we cannot wonder that Adeliza, in the enjoyment of such delightful society, comparing it with what she had lately suffered, thought herself almost in heaven; and as her beauty, innocence, and accomplishments made her friends wherever she went (unless where no heart was to be impressed, or that

that heart so choked with the selfishness and hypocrisy of the world, as not to leave room for any particle of goodness to creep in at, as was the case with Mrs. Grimalkin); so here she found friends, who the more they saw of her, the more highly did they esteem and admire her. The pleasing hours flew away upon the wings of happiness; and evening came too soon for the wishes of all parties:—they did not separate without a promise given by Adeliza to breakfast and spend the rest of the next day with them. She then returned to her lodging in the Duchess's own carriage.

CHAP. II.

When black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the sable sky;
When soothing sleep her opiate dews had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers ev'ry eye!

DENTOR.

On Adeliza's reaching home, she went up-stairs to give her old friend an account of the agreeable day she had passed. She found him, as usual, sitting in the dark; she put her candle upon the table, and seated

seated herself beside him; and instantly perceived that he looked extremely pale. She wished not to alarm him, but asked if he did not feel himself cold. He answered—

"Yes, he had been very unwell all day, but that he had tasted nothing, and he hoped he should be better the next morning."

"That you most assuredly will not, my dear friend," replied she, "unless you will take support. Allow me to get you something warm and nourishing. I am sure you may trust me."

"Do as you will, my dear child," said he; "you are very kind to a poor, friendless, desolate creature as I am; never shall you have reason to repent of your goodness."

Adeliza, replying she was already more indebted to him than she could ever repay, but

but by grateful thanks, hastened to prepare something comfortable for him. She was convinced that his illness proceeded merely from want of nourishment, and mixed him some wine and water, putting into it a good deal of nutmeg. He swallowed it with the eagerness of a person in the act of starving, and soon felt himself much recruited. He begged her to give him some account of the day she had spent. With this request she with pleasure complied, and related each happy incident. When she mentioned the name of the Duchess of Ormond, his face assumed an ashy paleness, his eyes closed, and he sunk back in his chair. She flew to his assistance: he opened his eyes, and in an agitated voice faintly articulated—

"That name just mentioned, brings to my mind so many heart-rending circumstances. stances, that I cannot hear it with composure. God bless you, my child! I will now go to bed:—good night!"

Adeliza did not attempt to remain with him any longer, but went up to her humble garret; and intending to watch, she pulled off her gown, and wrapping her dressing-gown about her, sat musing on the occurrences of the day; nor could she help feeling very much surprised at the emotion the name of the Duchess of Ormond caused in her old friend.

It was now about one o'clock; and finding it cold, she threw her pocket-handkerchief over her head. The moon darted her silvery beams into the room;—she could not resist the inclination she felt to indulge herself with a view of a face (in spite of all untoward circumstances) infinitely dear to her. Taking the miniature of Percy from

her

her bosom, she contemplated the interesting likeness with a degree of melancholy pleasure, that, when experienced, we rather encourage than wish to repress. The pale light of the moon gave a sickly sort of colouring to the picture:—the bare idea of this being the case, shot a pang through her heart; her tears fell fast upon the glass, and obscured it from her sight. Imagination, ever ingenious in tormenting, now presented ten thousand distressing images to her disturbed fancy; and, determined to indulge this weakness no longer, she hastily returned the picture to its station.

Hardly had she done so, when she was somewhat startled by the sound of a foot-step in the room beneath. She listened, and was convinced she had not been mistaken. Fearing her old friend had again been

been taken ill, she hastily descended.— At the door of the first room was a candle almost glimmering in the socket. She took it up—it gave a flaring and uncertain light; she raised it, and by its light-discerned the figure of a man in the inner room, the door of which was half open. She still advanced; but what words can sufficiently express her horror and amazement, when she discovered a stranger busily employed at the lock of a large box. The sound of her step, soft as it was, disturbed the guilty robber;—he turned his head, and beholding a figure all white (for her face was now the same colour with the handkerchief that covered her head), and with a light raised above her, standing in an attitude of examination, the wretch sunk upon his knees. His eyes appeared starting from their sockets; his mouth opened wide with

with terror, which deprived him of articulation, while his black and sinewy arm and hands were raised in trembling supplica-Adeliza, though frightened, suffered not her presence of mind to forsake her; she evidently perceived that the man imagined she was an apparition, and willing to confirm this notion, she slowly lowered the light, and gradually extending her other hand, pointed to the door. In this attitude, retreating slowly a few paces, the robber crawled on his hands and knees till past the place where she stood; then suddenly springing up, he rushed with the rapidity of lightning up-stairs, and the next instant she heard him distinctly throw open her window with terrified vehemence. She now approached the bed of her old friend. and, to her inconceivable dismay, found the bed in confusion, a pillow being upon the VOL. II. place place where she feared the face was laid, and upon that a chair. Sick with apprehension, she removed it, then the pillow, and discovered his face almost black;—she called loudly for assistance, and soon by her cries, brought up the landlady; the servant followed, but in such evident consternation, that her help was of no manner of use. Every application necessary was tried to restore the sufferer to his senses, and after some time, their endeavours were crowned with success.

The old gentleman now began to breathe more freely, but he could form no idea of the cause of all this bustle. This was explained by Adeliza, to the terror of her auditors, while the truth of what she advanced, was confirmed, beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the sight of a loaded pistol which lay on the floor by the box, in the lock

of

of which still remained the instrument intended to force it open.' The old gentleman absolutely cried for joy at the happy and wonderful deliverance he had met with through Adeliza, who, on her part, rejoiced that she had an opportunity of proving her gratitude by more than words. Upon examination, it was discovered that this midnight plunderer was the person who had for some time inhabited the second floor; but there was nothing left in his rooms that could lead to a discovery, nor could they conjecture how he could have gained any information respecting the old The fact, however, was this: gentleman. the servant belonging to the house, had long suspected that the strange lodger was very rich, because he so carefully prevented her ever entering his room. suspicion she communicated to her sweet-

c 2 heart,

heart, a worthless blacksmith; and between them was this plan formed to rob him. This scheme could not be put in execution sooner; but as Adeliza staid out late, the landlady, supposing she would not return that night, directed the servant to go to bed, as she was to rise early in the morning to wash. Upon this, the girl immediately telling the man that now the coast was clear, he did as he had premeditated, and we have related the consequences. In the morning the servant, without saying one word, took herself off.

Adeliza wrote to the Duchess of Ormond, to say she could not breakfast with her, but that she would come early in the day. The reason of her doing this was, that her old friend could hardly bear the idea of her being out of his sight; for in her society he thought himself secure from

every

every ill. Adeliza was received at the Duchess's with the utmost affection.

"Come," said Lady Anna, "give an account of yourself; for if you cannot make a handsome excuse, I shall inflict upon you what punishment I shall think proper; to-day I may be as saucy as I please—it is my birthday."

Adeliza sweetly gave the charming Lady Anna joy, and gaily said she would cheerfully submit to any punishment she should chuse to inflict.

"Very well," replied Anna, laying her ivory finger upon her glowing cheek, and looking up as if considering; then after a moment's pause—"I have it," said she, in an animated tone. "I command you to make a copy of verses on this auspicious morn. I am to-day twelve years old; nay, make no excuse—I guess you can

write verses as well as play; music and poetry are, you know, sister arts."

"How shall I escape?" said Adeliza.

"Oh, I recollect now—I am liable to the forfeit only, if I cannot give a sufficient reason for my absence at breakfast this morning! Who will be umpire?"

" I will," said the Marquis.

She then modestly related her last night's adventure; and although she made light of what she had done, still she received the highest praise for her intrepid conduct.

"Now," said Anna, approaching, and taking Adeliza by the hand, which she pressed between both her's, "I will condemn you by your own words. You say any body would have acted as you have done; but this I am sure of, few Misses would have declined a pleasant party, for the sake of humouring the whim of an odd old

old man: therefore sit down to your exercise. Pray do indulge me!"

Adeliza, willing to oblige the sweet girl, took up a pen, and wrote as follows:

LADY ANNA'S BIRTH-DAY.

In purple clad, Aurora, rise, And draw the curtains of the skies; Invite Apollo to display The charms of that propitious day, That twelve years since oblig'd mankind, With what in vain most wish to find; A nymph with ev'ry grace complete, A form correct, a temper sweet, A stature lofty, and a mind From all inelegance refin'd; Discourse beguiling ev'ry care, With sense for ever flowing there; And thought above the vulgar reach, Submitting to the powers of speech. What can we wish, but riper years, T' expand the prospect now appears, And give her to some worthy arms, In full maturity of charms, Successive blessings to engage, And triumphs for another age!

When she had written these lines, with rosy-tinctured blushes she presented them to Lady Anna, who kissed her in token of thanks, and then, delighted, hastened with her treasure to her dear grandmamma. The poetry, thus written off-hand, met with universal approbation. As soon as dinner was removed, and the servants withdrawn, the Marchioness, addressing Adeliza, said—

- "You do not guess, my dear Miss Pembroke, what a design I have been bold enough to form against you."
- " Indeed," replied Adeliza, smiling, "I cannot even conjecture."

The Duchess then said she would take upon her to explain what her daughter had alluded to.

"You must know," said she, "my dear Miss Pembroke, that my Matilda and I have

have been considering what temptation we could possibly throw out, to induce you to take a journey with her into Spain."

A long and explanatory conversation then took place, in which the Marchioness said she should esteem herself singularly fortunate, would Adeliza kindly consent to accompany her, as a friend and companion; that she could hold out but little inducement, as she understood the Castle of Santa Fe was situated upon the confines of a forest, miles from any other habitation, and that the disposition of the Duke Garcias Moresco was such (the Duchess had formerly known him), that he seldom or ever associated with any one, and as rarely saw any visitors at the Castle. This account by no means intimidated Adeliza, and she cheerfully consented to

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accom-

accompany the amiable Marchioness, in the enjoyment of whose society she had nothing more to wish.

This ready compliance of Adeliza was extremely gratifying to the Duchess, who, of all things in the world, wished that her daughter might be able to procure an agreeable companion to take over with her; but knowing the very great difficulty of meeting with a person of approved character and polished manners, who would undertake so long a journey, and submit to a life of such seclusion, she had given up the search. desolate situation of Adeliza in Mrs. Grimalkin's house, encouraged them to hope she might not be averse to their plan.—Adeliza promised to remove to the Duchess of Ormond's till the Marquis and Marchioness left England. The family had heard Adeliza's history from Sir Armine Temple,



Temple, excepting that part which had reduced her to the disagreeable necessity of becoming an inmate of Mrs. Grimalkin's family;—this she explained, and the recital raised her still higher, if possible, in the esteem of her candid auditors.

In the evening Sir Armine Temple dropped in, and Adeliza took an opportunity of thanking him for the favourable manner in which he had spoken of her to this amiable family. Encouraged by this beginning, he ventured to press, with all the force of eloquent love, his former offer, which once more she with firmness told him it was out of her power to accept. Seeing her thus immoveably determined, he turned very pale, and, complaining of a sudden pain in his head, wished the family good evening, and hastily withdrew.

Adeliza heard frequently from Mrs. Henley, who informed her that they had been received with great kindness by the elder Henley, who promised great things. The children, she said, often talked of her with the utmost affection, and Henley always spoke of her with the warmest gratitude, as his preserving angel.

CHAP, III.

Why sits content upon a cottage sill

At eventide, and blesseth the coarse meal,
In sooty corner? Why sweet slumbers wait

Th' hard pallet? Not because from haunt resmote,
Sequestered in a dingle's bushy lap.

"Tis labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
And works out his repose; for ease must ask

The leave of diligence, to be enjoy'd.

Danton.

A FTER Adeliza's departure from Raby Castle, the Countess could not help feeling a little remorse of conscience for her unkind treatment of that amiable girl.

Upon

Upon more mature deliberation, family pride and family duty being called in, formed powerful auxiliaries, and turning the balance, wonderfully reconciled her to herself. She reflected that, were her son Percy to marry Adeliza, she had no fortune, and he, as a younger brother, but little; that each separately might do better for themselves—Percy, from his rank, might obtain the hand of the richest fair one, and Adeliza's worth and beauty entitle her to equal success.

It is astonishing, indeed, how greatly human nature is liable to deceive itself and how easily we may bring ourselve to approve even wrong actions; and surely no sophistry is so dangerous at that made use of by ourselves, to endeavou to stifle the dictates of unerring conscience. Had any one told Lady Raby only a few months back, that, without an provocation





grows

provocation on the side of Adeliza, she would willingly suffer her to become a sacrifice to interest and false pride, how would she have shrunk from herself with abhorrence! But her mind gradually brought to this unfeeling frame, she allowed the young, beautiful, and inno-Cent creature to become, for aught she knew to the contrary, a solitary wanderer in a cruel and malicious world, when she ought to have stretched forth a mother's arms to comfort and protect her!-Let, therefore, none allow themselves to do even an unfriendly action;—were there a resolution made and kept to, merely to refrain from speaking evil of our neighbour (and surely we can have no right to sport with the feelings—nay, the peace of others), how widely different would be our state even in this world! Ill temper

grows upon itself; and what we only now and then had recourse to as a thoughtless amusement, becomes a greedy and depraved appetite, continually craving for a something fresh to satisfy itself upon. How many advantages have integrity and truth in the concerns of this world, over all the fine-drawn and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit! It is by far the safer and more pleasant way of acting:there is no trouble or danger, no perplexity, or fear of detection attending itall is smooth and agreeable. Who would, therefore, in their senses, give themselves the trouble of seeming to be what they really are not? The crafty man is always in danger of being found out, even when he thinks he walks securely in the dark; all his pretences are so transparent, that no difficulty can arise in reading them;





and while he idly fancies he make fools of thers, he renders himself truly despiable as well as ridiculous.

Lord Raby took not the slightest notice of what had passed, farther than laying his strict commands upon Lady Catherine to have no correspondence with Miss Pembroke. This arbitrary order Lady Catherine durst not disobey, though she unceasingly lamented the cruel deprivation. Letters had been received at Raby Castle for some time regularly from Percy; but now a considerable interval had passed without their hearing any thing of him:—this, however, they readily ascribed to the uncertainties of the sea, and therefore did not grieve at the delay.

Lord Raby thought it now high time for his daughters to be presented at Court; and with this intention, all the family removed removed to town. Lady Jane was quite elated with this brilliant scheme, flattering herself she had only to be seen, to have the world at her feet. As to Lady Catherine, she only longed to behold the friend of hery outh: and the most pleasing sensation this plan excited, was the hopes that, by some lucky. chance, she might meet her highly valued Adeliza.—The young ladies were presented, and much admired. No expence was spared to render their appearance and dress suitable to their exalted rank. As yet the conquests made by Lady Jane, were inconsiderable; she was too haughty to please the men in general; the modest Lady Catherine attracted by far the most admiration, partly because she wished to shun it. Their house was constantly filled with the gay and fashionable of both sexes,

and

and they were perpetually engaged at home or abroad. The Earl, who was well acquainted with the great world and its ways, knew that if he did not give entertainments, his family would receive no invitations to any. He began wisely, therefore, by displaying a very elegant déjeuné, and that was succeeded by a ball and sumptuous This had the desired effect, and supper. invitations poured in on every side. Lady Margaret was in town with the family, and nothing was to the sweet child so great a treat, as being permitted to be in her sister Catherine's dressing-room, and talking of dearest Adeliza.

The Raby family were now to be in a joyful bustle, as Lord Richmond was to be married as speedily as settlements could be drawn out, to the only daughter of the Earl of Sidmouth, who was beautiful,

accom-

accomplished, young, and immensely rich. This was considered by the Earl of Raby as a highly advantageous match for his son; and he cheerfully lent his aid to hasten every preparation, that the wished-for event might take place without delay. The young ladies with their mother, paid the bride elect a visit, and returned quite delighted with her; and from this time, not a day passed that they did not meet.

Lady Caroline Lisburne was rather below the middle size, fair, had fine teeth and eyes, and was altogether a very pretty little woman. She had in infancy lost her mother, and being an only child, was by her father completely spoiled, being indulged in every whim. The Earl, among other peculiarities, had an invincible dislike to the country, so that he constantly resided in town. His daughter was firmly attached to him, and

and would at times sacrifice-her inclination to please him; but this was seldom required. Her heart was good, her temper lively and sometimes hasty; yet if she did an unkind action, she was always ready to make ample restitution. She was at this time only seventeen. Lord Richmond she had met at a ball; he was agreeable, and she was flattered by his marked attention.— His Lordship made her an offer, which, sanctioned by her father, she accepted, without doing any violence to her own feelings. The Raby family was an ancient one, and much respected, though not rich: this latter circumstance was no objection in the eyes of the Earl of Sidmouth, whose daughter possessed riches to satisfy the most ambitious. All was therefore as it ought to be; and Lady Raby flattered herself that by this connection, her son would settle

remove secret misgivings, as Lord Rich—mond had ever been volatile, and expen—sively gay. An elegant house was purchased, and fitted up in the most superb style; the ladies had ample employment in giving orders, and fancying new dresses for this happy event: in short, all was joyful anticipation.

A letter at this time from Captain Surrey gave Lady Raby great uneasiness, as it brought fresh to her remembrance her unkind conduct towards Adeliza. Percy said he wrote to his mother on two accounts, as in so doing, he felt a double gratification—first, in addressing an affectionate parent; and, secondly, as he felt assured that she would never desert his angel Adeliza, though some part of his family had been crucl enough to treat her ill. He

also said, he trusted if they went to town, she would pay every possible attention to that interesting creature, to whom he looked forward with transport as the reward of all his toils and dangers.

Howseverely did Lady Raby upbraid herself for her reprehensible neglect of his favourite! How mortifying was the idea, that she Inerited not the confidence her son had reposed in her!—Now it was too late for her to make any amends; for she had not the slightest knowledge where Adeliza now lived. The uncomfortable reproaches of conscience cast a damp upon her spirits, and threw a gloom upon her present enjoyments: So true it is, that if all is not peaceful within-if our heart condemn us, not all the splendour of rank, the dazzling charms of wealth, and the highest applauses of an admiring world, can procure happiness, or even quiet.

CHVD.

CHAP. IV.

Chequer'd is the life below,
With gleams of joy, and clouds of wo;
Then hope not while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun;
Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.

BEATTIE.

As proposed by the Duchess of Ormond, Adeliza took up her residence with her. The old gentleman, her fellow-lodger, was affected beyond measure at parting with her.

her. She offered to write to him when she got into Spain; but this, to her surprise, he hastily objected to, without assigning any reason, only saying he should hear of her without giving her that trouble; and that when she returned to England, which he ardently hoped would be soon, she would find him, if alive, in the same lodging. He then, in a solemn and impressive manner, thus addressed her:—

"You are, I trust, my dear child, perfectly convinced how truly thankful I am, and ever shall be to the latest hour of existence, for the uniform kindness you have shewn me, as well as the signal service of saving my life. Gratitude has large demands upon me on this score. Your interesting and candid simplicity has gained my love and esteem, and caused me to alter, in some measure, the hard opinion I vol. II.

have been forced to form of human nature. Were you my own child, I could not more anxiously desire your welfare; I cannot give you a more convincing proof of the high opinion I have formed of you, than by what I am now going to do. This," continued he, putting a small packet into her hand, "I entrust to your care with this solemn injunction, that on no account whatever, unless reduced to the lowest depth of human distress, you open it; then, which I hope will not be the case, you may unclose it, and God grant the contents may then prove a comfort to you!—I know, Adeliza, that you will not lightly take advantage of the trust I now repose in you, nor will a slight reason be in your eyes a sufficient inducement to open it. Should nothing untoward happen, I trust you will yourself restore it to

me, on your return. Should I be dead, you may then freely examine the contents. I wish all I have now said to be kept entirely to yourself; say not a word to any one, but preserve the packet with the utmost care. God Almighty bless and preserve you, my dear child, and make you as happy as you are deserving!—Could I see this, I should then die in peace!—May every good angel watch over and guard you from the mischiefs and sorrows of a bad, a corrupted world; and Oh! may Heaven grant that these aged eyes may once more be blessed with the sight of you!"

During this extraordinary scene, Adeliza first regarded the old man with surprise, but this was quickly converted into veneration from a thankful heart, nor did she take leave of him without shedding

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many

many tears, and promising implicitly to follow his injunctions. The packet committed to her charge was not large, but carefully sealed in six places. On reaching home, she deposited it in her little cabinet, as being the safest place to keep it in.

A fortnight passed rapidly away in the charming family of the Duchess of Ormond; what a contrast to the time dragged on with Mrs. Grimalkin! Here she was treated with the most winning affability; while each day discovered some new and generous trait in the character of the Duchess, displayed some fresh beauty in the mind of the Marchioness, increased her love for the charming Anna, and her esteem for the sensible and well-bred Marquis. Anna entreated her grandmamma to allow her to have Adeliza's picture before she left England;

England; her request was granted, and Adeliza good naturedly indulged her little favourite by sitting for it.

The period fixed for the Marchioness's return to England was two years. Adeliza could not help feeling considerable refuctance on quitting her native country, without communicating her intention to Lady Catherine Surrey; but she had already written twice, without receiving an answer to either letter.—" Should I," thought she, "be mean enough to make a third attempt, would the Raby family not ascribe it to my attachment for Percy; and has not he been equally blameable with his sister?" -These were mortifying reflections, and Adeliza's pride taking the alarm, she resolved on no account to make any attempt of the sort, but leave the family (if they ever bestowed a thought upon her) to D 3 make

make their own conclusions as to her present conduct. Yet this resolution was not made without costing her many a struggle-The pleasing images of happiness with Percy, in which she had indulged, raised by youthful imagination, were now, alas! dissolved in air. Her present situation was indeed agreeable beyond any hopes she could have formed, but still there was a vacuum in her heart, that nothing but the image of Percy could fill. But although Adeliza could not reflect on the past without regret, yet she was abundantly grateful for the present good she enjoyed. The venerable Duchess, ever watchful and attentive, perceiving that her spirits were unusually depressed, proposed her taking an airing, the Marchioness and Lady Anna offering to accompany her. This proposal Adeliza, who wished nothing so much at that

that time as to fly from herself, gladly embraced

As they drove along the Park, two or three carriages meeting, they were obliged to stop. Suddenly the screaming of a youthful voice made Adeliza put her head out of the window, when she immediately recognised her little darling, Margaret.—Without hesitation she opened the carriage-door, and the next minute Margaret was in her arms. The joy of the lovely child was too great for utterance: she clasped her little arms round her neck, and almost stifled her with kisses, and wept and smiled by turns. Adeliza was little less affected.

" How came you, my love," asked she, " in town?"

The child answered that all the family were there; but that papa would not let

sister Catherine write to dearest Adeliza, and that had grieved her very much—She also told her, that her mamma had received a letter from Percy, but it was not known what the contents were, as she would let no one see it. Adeliza pressed the dear child still closer to her heart, and, in almost inarticulate accents, said—

"God bless you!—It will be long, very long before I shall have the least chance of seeing you again, my dearest Margaret! I am going to leave England in a day or two. Give my kindest love to your beloved sister Catherine. Adieu, my sweet child, I must now tear myself from you!"

Lady Margaret with the utmost reluctance suffered herself to be taken from her arms.—The carriage-door was shut, and it drove on, while she stood smiling through her tears, and kissing her little hand till

out

artless affection of her young favourite, wept with violence; till presently recollecting herself, she apologized to the Marchioness and Lady Anna for her weakness, as well as the bustle she had created; which, so far from having given offence, raised our amiable heroine still higher in their esteem and affection.

The dreaded day at last arrived that was to separate the Duchess of Ormond from her amiable daughter. She looked pale as death, but her countenance was composed and serene. Adeliza was surprised, for she dreaded on her account this parting. As to the Marchioness, she could not articulate one word distinctly; so much was she overcome by sorrow. The Marquis tenderly endeavoured to comfort her,

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while.

while Anna, clinging round her neck, mingled her tears with those of her aunt's.

"Do, for pity's sake, my love," said the Duchess, "compose yourself; see how calm' I am. We shall, I trust, ere long meet again, when the pains of parting will be forgotten in the joy of a happy re-union."

The carriages were announced, all was ready; the Marchioness flung herself into the arms of her mother, sobbing from the violence of her emotions. The agitated mother blessed her, and tenderly committed her to the care of the Marquis, who solemnly promised to prove himself not unworthy the treasure entrusted to his charge. As the Marchioness, led by the Marquis, quitted the room, the Duchess said to Adeliza—

" In parting with my beloved Matilda, ly fears and anxious apprehensions are alf done away, when I consider to what iriends I entrust her. Believe me, my dear Miss Pembroke, I feel grateful that you also are to be her friend and companion: to you her gentle nature will look up for comfort and advice. Nursed in the lap of Indulgence, her mind has not acquired that firmness it may sometimes be necessary to exert, particularly in a foreign country, where all she meets with will be strange. You, my love, who have already suffered from the cruelty of an unfeeling world, will be better able to guard against its deceits and wickednesses. than is my timid Matilda. Accept this," continued she, "my dear Adeliza," putting a purse into her hand, and kindly pressing it, "as a small token of my regard. God

bless you, my love! I trust but a short period will elapse ere we shall meet again!"

The Marquis, Marchioness, and Adelization occupied one carriage, and two male servants attended in another. They reached Dover, and going on board the packet, prosperous gales wafted them over to Calais. Thence they proceeded in their course, till the fine roads of France terminated a few leagues before they reached Perpignan. When they arrived there, the two pillars which serve as supporters (oneto the arms of Spain, and the other to those of France, and which served to mark the frontiers of each kingdom), were beheld with admiration by our travellers. The Castle of Bellegarde next commanded their attention, which, though placed on sterile hills, they left behind them with regret, as being

being the last French place they should stop at.

An uneasy and stony path led them to the little village of La Jonquiere. Here the change was indeed striking; for, in the space of half a league, they met with language, manners, and customs; totally different.

At this place they changed their carriage for a very strong, large, crane-necked coach, nearly the size of our King's state-coach; in the front of this was a low seat, on which two men sat; one of them carried a whip, so short however as only to reach the two nearest mules, seven of which were harnessed to the carriage, by traces, ropes, and no reins. The Marchioness and Adeliza were extremely amused at the odd appearance of their new equipage; the mules, which were uncommonly hand-

some, had each twenty-four small bells attached to their heads, together with 2 quantity of red and yellow worsted tassels. In towns, or dangerous passes, one of the men got from his seat and led the foremost mule, and, before he mounted again, furnished himself with a handful of small stones, which he distributed to the mules as they became lazy. This he was not often obliged to do, as in general the sound of his voice was sufficient to keep the sagacious animals in due order. The continued jingling of the bells, with the incessant talking of the coachman to his mules, which he addressed separately by very fine names, became tiresome in the extreme to our travellers; but this they were obliged patiently to submit to.

After leaving La Jonquiere the road became better, though the prospect presented sented only barren hills. As they proceeded, the country wore a face of greater fertility, and consequently was more pleasing to the wearied eye. Arriving at Girona, they were charmed with the view The town looked beautiful: built at the confluence of the Onker and Duter, which rivers joining their waters, formed a wide and magnificent channel; and though the fortifications of the city appeared to be in a ruinous state, it could not be said that they diminished its beauty. The clay adhering to the wheels of the carriages and feet of the mules, rendered this day's travelling tedious in the extreme. At length they reached a solitary inn, called the Grenota, where they rested some time. They then crossed marshes and several streams, next got into a road embellished on either side with tufts of trees and well cultivated

cultivated fields, which pleasant sight re-. compensed them for the fatigues of the former part of the day. They proceeded through the villages of Tampoul, Canet, and Haram. These hamlets, surrounded. with trees and gardens only a few yards from the sea, together with the fishermen'sbarks, formed an interesting and pleasing: picture, particularly so to Adeliza; in whose mind the sight of the vast ocean, connected with so many eventful circumstances of her life, had at all times the strongest effect. The women they saw in: these hamlets had in general fresh complections, and were in common very handsome; their only labour appearing to be the easy, though indeed indolent, employment of lace-making. As they journied onward, the road became enlivened by innumerable country houses, rich vineyards. adorned

adorned the sides of the road. As the sun was now setting, and cast his last beams upon the steeples and turrets of Barcelona, our travellers hastened forward, wishing, if possible, to get in before dark.

"This," said the Marquis, " is the only city in Spain, that at a distance announces its grandeur."

"How beautiful, how truly picturesque," said Adeliza, "is the effect of the sober twilight! how rich and softened does every object appear!"

It grew dark, and the Marchioness felt uneasy on being told they had still two leagues to go. At length the welcome appearance of lights, twinkling through the dusk, announced their near approach to Barcelona. Here our weary travellers determined to remain all the next day.

Rising early, they walked round the city, admired in particular the magnificeramparts, the citadel, and Castle of Mount Joui; they saw the arsenal and founder y of cannon, the exchange, the cathedra -1, palace of audience, and in short ever thing worth visiting. Early the followin morning they continued their journey the weather proved fine, and the roadwhich led from Barcelona, charming. On either side it was bordered with elms, poplars, and orange-trees, the fragrance of whose flowers perfumed the whole air. Dispersed in many places, were houses, fountains, and pretty villages, apparently the residence of health, content, and innocence. Near a hamlet called the King's Mills, they passed the Lobregat, over a beautiful bridge almost four hundred paces in lengths. The goodness of the roads continued

Continued till they reached another bridge, Which had been intended to unite two immense mountains, but the ingenious artist failing in the attempt, it now only appeared a wonderful ruin. Thence they tra-Velled to Villa Franca, and so on through several pretty villages, till they found themselves upon the sea sands, where they were obliged to trace a road for them-The Marchioness was alarmed, but observing how steady and perfectly calm Adeliza was, she felt ashamed to confess her fears. The sea washed the feet of the mules, but soon the walls of Tarragona presenting themselves to the eye, the apprehensions of the Marchioness died away. They rested for the night here; but by break of day proceeded on their journey. The towers, which had in former ages served to defend the coast, now mouldering in decay,

formed

formed a sublime spectacle. Here they were sorry to observe that the women only were employed in the hard labours of the field; and poor, miscrable, sun-burnt looking creatures they were. After a little more travelling they reached the Col de Belaguer, a narrow passage between two mountains, where the country, every stepthey advanced, became more frightfully desolate, mountains rising one above another in endless succession. After a most fatiguing day's journey, our travellers, late in the evening, reached the shady valley of Tortosa, where they resolved to lodge for the night.

CHAP. V.

Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,

Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made,

And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,

Where through the cliffs the eye remote survey'd,

Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

Beattle.

THE morning proved uncommonly fine: the sun rose in splendid majesty, the dawn, which mellowed the beautiful scenery around with its soft grey tint, now dispersed. Adeliza, with animated pleasure, watched

watched the gradual progress of the day, first trembling on the tops of the mountains, touching them with splendour, while the clouds began to glow with ten thousand varied colours. Having crossed the long wooden bridge, so much admired in that part of the world, the Marquis ordered the carriage to stop, that they might contemplate the grandeur of the scene now spread before them. As far as the eye could reach, mountain rose above mountain, thickly wooded, even to their summits, with lofty pines; a country richly cultivated, diversified with numerous edifices, some, of which were composed of granite, marble, and jasper, while many noble ruins gave additional, beauty to this romantic scene. But what gave the stamp' of perfection to this enchanting picture was the devious windings of the majestic Ebro,

Ebro, on whose glassy surface floated innumerable fishermen's barks, now glittering in the sun-beams.

Having for some little time contemplated with pleasure the surrounding objects, they drove on; the roads proved much better than any they had met with since they entered the Spanish dominions. Nothing could be more truly kind than were the Marquis and Marchioness to Adeliza; she proved a most entertaining travelling companion, and they proceeded in excellent spirits. They next entered the rich domains belonging to the fathers Of La Merci; thence through Ildecona, a pretty little Gothic town, and the last in Catalonia. In this province, distance is not reckoned by miles or leagues, but by the hours: the usual expression being, we shall travel so many hours before breakfast.

Reaching

Reaching Ponicarlos, a fine city, and the first on the read into Valentia, and passing another road, they were brought once more to the sea side. The day was become tempestuous, the sea looked black and stormy, the breeze sighed heavily among the dark trees, while the more slender among the forest bent to the pressure of the wind.

"This sort of uncomfortable weather," observed the Marquis, "is common here. Notice these trees; you see they only present their naked trunk to the ocean, while the branches all incline towards the coast."

They travelled on by the side of the Mediterranean, in a fertile country, passing through numerous villages, many of them surrounded with ramparts, now droping into total decay. In the evening they reached

reached Morviedro, originally called Saguntum, which was destroyed by Hannibal. Here the curiosity of our travellers was strongly excited, and they spent two days most pleasantly, in viewing the astonishing remains of former grandeur, and the wonderful ingenuity of man.

The weather continuing favourable, they proceeded towards Segorbe. About two leagues before they reached it, they observed a cluster of mountains, in the bosom of which they had, at Morviedro, been told was a celebrated Chapel, called the Chapel of Nostra Seniora de la Cuera Santa (Our Lady of the Grotto). They alighted from the carriage, and, after a hor and tiresome walk, reached the place; but it by no means answered the trouble they had taken to visit it. The image of the Virgin was placed at the bottom of a deep VOL. II. grotto, B

grotto, to which the devotees, who in multitudes went to pay their adoration to her, descended by a flight of broad steps.

Heartily wearied with their broiling walk, our party regained their carriage, and passing through Segorbe, next Xerica, and Urvel, stopped at a small town called Bexis. Here they dined, and had some excellent trout, for which the river Toro is famous, and which bountifully waters this town.

Leaving this place, the road descended into a deep valley—the situation delightful: it lay through the midst of mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared inaccessible, and covered, almost from their base to their lofty summits, with forests of gloomy pine; here and there a rock of jasper or granite shot up from the vale; every now and then the orange and myrtle sprang up in some sunny nook, with their golden

golden blossoms peeping from among their dark green leaves, and sending forth the sweetest fragrance; patches of tender verdure, aromatic plants, flowering shrubs, and wild flowers, looked gay among the rocks. The Canalen rolling its waters through this enchanting spot, still added to its incomparable beauty. With regret our travellers left this valley behind, ascending high hills till they reached La Villada.

of this immense mountain as they reached its summit: his sloping rays touched with a yellow gleam the trees of the forests that waved upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in rich splendor upon the towers and steeples of Valencia, which thence appeared beautiful. To the left was an amazing extent of sea, bounded only by

the clouds. The sun had now sunk below the horizon; while twilight gradually stole over the scene, the red glow of sun-set still touched the waves, and lingered in the west. Villages and plains without number, intermingled with beautiful irregularity, spread around as far as the eye could reach. The sun by degrees threw a yellow gleam upon the undulating waves, and the gloom of twilight spread fast over the whole, till only a faint streak appeared on the western horizon, marking where the sun had set.

Our travellers had reached the foot of La Vellida. The road became here so rugged and dangerous, that they thought it unsafe to proceed in the carriage; they therefore alighted, and each lady taking an arm of the Marquis, cautiously followed the carriage as it slowly drove along.

Mingled

Mingled woods and rocks, with gloomy forests, were seen obscurely through the dusk; but soon even these imperfect images faded in darkness.

The Marchioness could not conceal the fears that had taken possession of her apprehensive mind. The Marquis, much distressed, endeavoured to reassure her; but the sighing of the wind among the trees, and the sudden cracking of the postillion's whip, made her start with terror. After a little more of this uncomfortable walking, they returned to the carriage, and without any accident arrived in safety at Andilla.

The first part of the next day's journey was dreary enough; to begin which they crossed a plain, four leagues in length, before they reached Lira; but as the Marquis was anxious to get forward, the E 3

journey

become particularly fatiguing, and most so to the Marchioness, they resolved to get on as fast as possible, nor be tempted to stop at any place to view the works of nature or of art. They therefore remained no longer in the famous city of Valenciathan to change their carriage for a volunte, a sort of light open carriage much used, particularly in hot weather.

Passing through San Felisse, before they reached Mogente, twelve times in the course of two hours they crossed a river called Borranjo de Mogente. Journeying onward by the common route, our travellers at last reached Granada. The sight of this city was indeed most welcome, being now within one day's journey of the Castle of Santa Fe.

Early,

Early, with renovated spirits, the Marquis, with his charming wife and fair friend, set out. The dawn trembled in the eastern horizon; the light tints of morning, gradually expanding, shewed the varied beauties of this delightful country. They were now out of the beaten track, and in some places the roads were so narrow as hardly to allow the carriage to pass.

"Do, my dear Marchioness," said Adeliza, "let us walk; I am certain you will feel the better for it. Let us inhale the first pure breath of morning."

The Marchioness with pleasure complied, and soon experienced the cheering effects. Abundance of wild flowers and aromatic herbs scented the air, and rendered the walk delicious. Adeliza watched the progress of day with interesting R 4 emotion: emotion: her rapturous thought ascended to the Author and Giver of all good. The sunbeams, shooting up from behind the hills, touched with splendid light the highest cliffs, and spread over the scene that fine saffron tinge, which sweetly softens, and seems to impart repose to every thing it touches. All nature looked gay; the birds chanted forth their matin song. With feeling strongly mixed with devotion, Adeliza contemplated this delightful scene. Nor was it beheld with indifference by the Marchioness.

About the middle of the day, the party stopped at a posada, or Spanish inn. They alighted in hopes of getting some refreshment, their own stock of provisions being quite exhausted. The Marquis led the way across the first room with considerable difficulty, through asses and mules, till they

they reached the kitchen, at the door of Which they were almost suffocated with the smoke. The Marquis would have turned back, but the Marchioness, laughing, said that she was resolved to see all the charms of the place.

The room, or kitchen they now entered was of a circular form, the ceiling terminating at the top in a point, which was left open to leave a passage for the smoke. The fire was in the center, round which was a stone bench, where sat, regaling themselves, travellers, muleteers, and The gipsey-looking hostess coachmen. civilly brought the ladies chairs, on which they good-naturedly seated themselves; but here they did not long remain, for the noisy mirth of the people, with which the place was nearly filled; the squeaking of a guitar, upon which an old man in the chimney-cornerstrummed; the forwardness of the ragged children; and the offensive smell of the oil, with which their hostess was frying what it was impossible to guess, were altogether too much to be borne; they therefore once more reseated themselves in the carriage, and proceeded, laughing and jesting about the comforts and cleanliness of a posada.

It was evening before they reached Loxa, and here the Marquis said, that only two leagues farther stood the Castle of Santa Fe.

After leaving Loxa, the road began gradually to ascend. They crossed a bleak and barren mountain, and, once more descending, entered a most beautiful vale, where flourished in rich luxuriance the mulberry, orange, and lemon trees. This vale was of vast length, and the shades of evening

evening gathered fast before they emerged from it. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and twilight falling over the landscape, they travelled on, sunk in that thoughtful melancholy with which retiring light and solitude impress the mind. Nothing was to be heard but the drowsy murmur of the breeze among the woods, and its light flutter as it blew freshly into the carriage. Each indulged separately their own reflections in silence. The moon was rising, but her sombre beams were too feeble as yet to assist them much; at length she threw a stronger light upon their path, and the Marquis exclaimed, with emotion-

" See, dear Matilda, the turrets of Santa Fe!"

The Marchioness shot forth a look of eager

eager enquiry, then sunk upon the shoulder of her Lord.

"Welcome," said he, "thrice welcome, my beloved Matilda, to your home!" He passed his arm tenderly round her waist, and pressed her to his heart. "I trust in God, my dearest life," said he with fervour, "that, in no one moment of your future days, you will have reason to regret having taken this journey."

"In the enjoyment of your society, and blessed with your love, my Ferdinand," replied the Marchioness, while a pearly tear trembled in each soft eye, raised with the sweetest expression to his face, "I must ever be completely blessed!"

The Marquis, taking Adeliza's hand, cordially welcomed her. One of the servants had been sent forward to announce their approach.

approach. The venerable and majestic Castle of Santa Fe could not here be distinctly seen; but the turrets peeping above the tops of the tall trees, and now illumined by the pale and silvery light of the moon, looked conspicuously beautiful.

They drove heavily up a dark avenue till they at length reached the court-yard, where the cheering view of many lights seemed to welcome our weary travellers. Several servants stood at the door to receive them. The Marquis, taking an arm of each lady, conducted them up a flight of broad steps.

"Is the Duke at home, Silvius?" enquired the Marquis of a young man, who stood forward in the group of attendants as if anxious to be noticed.

"He waits your arrival, my Lord," was the reply, "in the grand saloon."

The

Naturally timed, and accustomed from infancy to be treated with the most flattering attention, she felt hurt and alarmed attention, she fancied it, uncivil behaviour of the Duke. Adeliza, who guessed what was passing in the mind of her friend, went round, and whispered to her—

"The Duke, you see, intends to pay you every possible respect, by receiving you in all the state of a Grandee of Spain."

This little kindness of her's had the effect she wished, and for which she was rewarded by a grateful smile from the Marchioness. Passing through the spacious hall, which was hung with various military trophies, coats of mail, spears, and fivearms, they ascended a magnificent flight of white marble stairs. This brought them to a gallery, supported on either side by rows of pillars, composed alternately of granite and jasper, ornamented with fine paintings by the first masters.

Leaving the gallery, they entered a room of amazing extent: it was arched, and worked, in various forms and devices, with fretted gold. The walls were covered with crimson velvet, fringed with gold; and in niches, at regular distances, were placed figures in bronze. The chairs, or rather sofas, for each could with ease contain six people, were low, with feet resembling claws, made of burnished gold; the covers, to correspond with the window curtains. crimson velvet trimmed with a broad fringe of gold. In the center of the room was suspended by a massive gold chain, a superb lustre, consisting of numerous branches, now filled with wax lights. From this room was a pair of folding-

doors

doors opening into the grand saloon. Two servants, in rich dresses, stood on the steps leading to it with lights, and solemnly announced the Marquis and Marchioness Almanza, who presently found themselves in the presence of the Duke Garcias Moresco, who was seated under a canopy at the upper end of the room. He rose with dignity, and courteously welcomed his charming relative to the Castle of Santa Fe; his nephew he next embraced; then turning to Adeliza, he started, gazed on her a few moments in silence, but presently recollecting himself, he apologized for his inattention in not addressing her next to the Marchioness. The Duke then seated himself, with the ladies on each side of him, and conversed with the utmost affability.

The canopy, under which they sat, was composed

composed of purple velvet decorated with silver stars, and in the center a figure of the Virgin. The other parts of the saloon were fitted up in the same style of magnificence with that part of the Castle they had passed through.

The Duke appeared to be about fifty years of age; in his person, tall and well-proportioned; his complexion sallow; his eyes dark, and mixed with cunning; his nose prominent, his mouth wide, and the expression of his countenance by no means prepossessing; in his manners and conversation, elegant and entertaining. His dress was composed entirely of black silk, over which he wore a short dark-blue velvet cloak; and in his richly embroidered girdle was stuck a dagger, the hilt of which was embossed with various coloured precious stones.

When this first met Adeliza's eye, she shuddered; but presently recollecting that such was the custom of the country, her fears died away. Refreshments were brought in by many servants, consisting of the richest wines, and finest fruit and sweetmeats, of which our travellers gladly partook. The Marquis then beft the ladies to the care of the Duke, and after a short absence returned.

"May I hope," said he, addressing the Marchioness, "that what I have now done will meet with your approbation?—Some time back, I wrote to my uncle's house-keeper to procure for you a proper attendant, and, if I may judge from appearances, she has succeeded better even than my hopes. One essential recommendation in the young person's favour is that her parents are English; and I trust that

that her knowledge of your admirable language will be an additional recommendation in her favour. Will you, dear Matilda, see your new attendant?"

"With the Duke's permission," answered the Marchioness, bowing to his Grace.

The Duke answered politely, and, the bell being rung, presently the door opened and a young woman entered with modest timidity. Her figure was small, but extremely neat; her eyes dark and expressive; her face a perfect oval; fine auburn hair, equally divided on her forehead, bound by a silk net; a simple habit of black serge exactly fitted her body, and was made close to her little delicate waist. A more interesting figure could hardly be conceived, than that of the artless Josephine.

The

The Marquis presented her to his wife as her first attendant; and the ladies now gladly retired for the night, conducted to their elegant apartments by Josephine with whom both ladies were equal-pleased, not to say interested.

CHAP. VÌ.

Beneath you ruin'd Abbey's moss-grown piles,
Oft let me sit at twilight hour of eve,
Where, through some western window, the pale moon
Pours her long levell'd rule of shining light.

WARTON.

THE sun, darting his radiant beams into Adeliza's chamber, first awoke her. She had enjoyed unbroken and pleasing repose. She arose, and, as she dressed herself, surveyed with admiration the elegance of her apartment. She then approached the window.

window, thence the view was more beautiful than description could portray. She had just thrown open the sash, when the Marchioness entered her room. After many affectionate enquiries on both sides, the ladies together leaned out of the window, to admire the extreme beauty of the prospect, which from this part of the Castle was extremely romantic.

Santa Fe had originally been a state residence belonging to one of the numerous tribe of Moorish Princes and, from among the most illustrious, had in regular succession descended to the present Duke Garcias Moresco; by this means it had not, like most of the other Moorish Castles, been suffered to go to decay. The Duke maintained the strongest and most enthusiastic partiality for his any cestors, as well as every custom, right, or ceremony

ceremony they used. He constantly kept up a regular military establishment. His officers were young men of Moorish extraction, and chosen rather for their courage than birth. His soldiers were partly Spanish, partly Moorish, whose singular dresses struck both the ladies as equally uncouth and frightful. The Spanish soldiers wore dark brown coats with slashed sleeves, coarse linen drawers, and sandals laced to the foot with cords. The Moors had long beards, red turbans, their brawny legs and sinewy arms bare, and yellow slippers; they each wore round their waist a leathern belt, in which were stuck three pistols and a stiletto. The other arms they used were a sort of blunderbuss, or carbine, and a sharp-pointed spear,

As the ladies leaned out of the window, they

they alternately gazed at the soldiers with astonishment not unmixed with fear, as they silently paced along the ramparts below, or turned to admire the extreme beauty of the prospect which thence presented itself. The Castle was built upon an amazing eminence. A broad rampart surrounded it, and at short distances was placed cannon, which, from the appearance of the centinels, they seemed perfectly qualified to use with effect. Below was a valley delightful with shade and verdure, and beyond were high hills covered with wood. The Marquis, tapping at the door, summoned the ladies to break fast.

"My uncle," said he, " is impatient to enquire after the health of his fair guests."

They descended with the Marquis to the breakfast-room, where they were received

by the Duke with the utmost cordiality. Every thing here bore the appearance of wealth, and magnificent taste. The apartment they were now in, was charming; the weather, from the intense heat without, rendering it doubly so.

At the upper end of this room were folding-doors of mirror-glass, now thrown open, leading into a garden fragrant with odoriferous plants. On each side of the door was a figure of exquisite workmanship in white marble, holding a cornucopiæ, filled with the choicest flowers, and ornamented with wreaths of roses, myrtles, and orange-flowers. Down the center of the room was a carpet, that, on the first view, seemed a parterre of beautiful flowers. On each side of this, the roof, representing a calm Italian sky, was supported by a row of fluted pillars, at the

base of each, in a sort of jar or vase, grew various fine plants, many of which entwined themselves round the kindly-supporting pillars, and formed the most elegant of ornaments. Along the wall, in little alcoves, were cages so artfully contrived, that it took away entirely the impression that their warbling tenants were unwilling captives. Between the pillars and these sweet recesses, the floor was of white marble, the seats green silk.

The Duke was evidently pleased and gratified by the encomiums sincerely bestowed by the ladies, who seated themselves at the breakfast-table, at which the Marchioness gracefully presided. Chocolate appeared to be the favourite beverage, though there was beside a profusion of every delicacy, on a service of fine china

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and

and gold. When breakfast was removed, the Duke informed them that, though contrary to his established rules, he intended to give, in honour of this marriage, a grand refresco, to which he should invite all his relations and friends.

"I could wish," continued he, "that as it is long since I enjoyed any thing in the form of amusement, to make this as pleasant as I possibly can. May I therefore petition for the assistance of you, ladies?—Paradise would have been but half adorned, had there not been one of your charming sex to help to dress it."

They bowed to the compliment, and smiling, readily promised to give all their little aid.

"It would certainly," said Adeliza, "be highly presumptuous in me, were I to offer a single

a single idea to a person possessed of such infinite taste as is your Grace."

The Duke gallantly returned the compliment, with which he appeared much gratified. After a little more conversation, and the ladies with the Marquis had been walking round this enchanted place, the Duke, who had been musing some minutes, suddenly starting from his reverie, said aloud—

"Yes, it shall be so!—I am now resolved!"

"What, my dear Sir?" asked the Marquis, surprised at the sudden exclamation, unconnected with any thing they had been talking of.

"I was thinking," said the Duke, confused, "but——I beg your pardon. Will you and the ladies walk with me through that

that part of the Castle I wish to be put in order for this entertainment."—Turning to one of the attendants, he said—"Order Felisse to come to me, and tell her to bring with her the keys of the western apartments."

Felisse (who was an old housekeeper, almost bent double with age), soon made her appearance.

"Here I am, my Lord Duke," said she; but, Jesu Maria! surely your Grace is not going to open the western apartments?

—Why, your Excellenza, it is more than twenty years since a key turned in the lock of e'er a one of them."

"Cease your prating!" said the Duke, in a commanding tone. "obey my orders, or some one else shall!"

Felisse, finding she had gone too far, r 3 humbly humbly curtsied, and trotted on as fast as she could.

The Duke waved his hand for the Marquis and Marchioness to proceed; at the same time he offered his arm to Adeliza, who, fearing to offend, accepted it. They were to go through the same gallery they had passed the preceding evening, and stopped to admire the beauty of some fine paintings. Among those that particularly struck Adeliza, were a Holy Family, by Titian; a Madona with a lovely Child, by Rembrandt; the Death of Dido, by Guido: several masterly and expressive historical pieces by Lucca Giordano; a Magdalen's Head, by Spagnioletto; together with many excellent portraits. The judicious remarks made by Adeliza, much pleased the Duke.

"You

"You seem," said he, "to be a perfect connoisseur in this charming art, Miss Pembroke."

Adeliza modestly replied, that she greatly admired fine paintings, though she understood but little of the art.

Leaving the gallery, they soon reached the door of the apartments now to be examined, where stood the old housekeeper, with the keys still in her hand.

"Why," said the Duke, "do you not open the door, Felisse?"

"Indeed your Grace must not be angry; but, in truth, your Excellenza, I dare not!"

"Dare not!" angrily reiterated the Duke.

"No, your Grace, I cannot, if you kill me on the spot;—but here are the keys."

Adeliza, who still held the Duke's arm, and perceiving that he trembled violently,

F 4 supposing

supposing it arose from anger, loosed her hold, and, taking the keys from the old woman, in a moment opened the door; and was the first who entered the so much dreaded apartments, without being, or affecting to be, in the slightest degree alarmed. She then began to unfasten the window-shutters, the Marquis assisting her. The apartment was presently in a blaze of light.

Turning to speak to the Duke, Adeliza perceived him leaning against the side of the room, both his hands covering his face. She was surprised, as was the Marchioness, but neither said any thing. The Duke presently joined them. He looked very pale, but perfectly composed. He took no notice of the old woman's reluctance to open the door, farther than by thanking

thanking Adeliza for her readiness to oblige.

"These apartments," said the Duke, after a moment's pause, in which he pressed his hand to his forehead, "have not once, in the space of four-and-twenty years, been opened!—It was at that period fitted up on a very joyful occasion; but, alas! instead of joy came grief-for happiness, misery and discontent!—But I am, at least, in part revenged!"-His face became flushed, while a look of secret triumph gleamed across his countenance.—"Time," he went on, "makes wonderful alterations, and I must now look back on that which passed at so distant a period, as one of those dark and troubled dreams that sometimes haunt and torment the heated imagination! But come, let us enjoy the present moments. How, dear Marchioness, do you like this room?—Is it possible, think you, to make it answer?—What say you, Marquis?—This, if I mistake not, is the first time you have ever been here."

"Indeed," replied the Marquis, laughing, "it is; nor should I have known that there were such in the Castle, had I not been told by the servants, on my first coming to Santa Fe, that a troublesome ghost was confined here.—I am glad to find, however, that the spirit has not been a mischievous one; for every thing is in excellent order."

This little sally restored the party to their usual ease, and they began planning what alterations would be necessary to make this apartment, and the two leading out of it, complete. Having been shut up carefully from the air, sun, and dust, time had made but little alteration; at least

none

none but what could, without much trouble, be repaired.

the two smaller, octagon. Reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor, were, at regular distances, pier-glasses, the frames of which were rich representations of most beautiful and choice flowers. Between the glasses, the wall was painted to imitate a garden, forming elegant alcoves, in each of which was a small couch, covered with white satin, and trimmed with a border of silver roses, with green enamelled leaves; the simple, as well as rich effect of which was strikingly beautiful.

The ceiling, to carry on the same rural fancy, was a fine painting of sky, with clouds, and here and there twinkled a splendid star. The effect of this was novel, and the Duke informed Adeliza that it

was his own idea, and that the stars were precious stones, so that when the room was lighted (which was done by beautiful little flying Cupids, in one hand of each was a torch, and in the other a small gold chain, to which was suspended a lamp) they looked brilliant.

The windows were low, leading out upon charming balconies, commanding that part of the garden through which ran a rivulet, softly rippling over the smooth pebbles; and not a hundred paces distant, stood the ruins of a noble Abbey.

The Duke remarked, that though in appearance so complete a ruin, still there was a small part of it even then habitable.

—"A Priest with a few Monks, I believe, belonging to the severe Order of La Trappe, confine themselves there; where, retired from the noise of more crowded and relaxed Convents, they may live with

that extreme austerity which they think necessary for the repose of their souls."

From the present elevated part, a door led them down a flight of steps into the garden. The two smaller rooms were fitted up with white satin, the walls covered with it, and bordered with silver roses: the curtains the same.

The Duke then took his friends through a great part of the Castle and gardens, where all was strikingly magnificent. Having wandered about till quite fatigued, they entered a little thicket, through which a narrow path was cut.

"Now," said the Duke, "I will shew you my favourite retreat."

He led the way, the orange-trees on both sides shading them, till they reached a small rustic temple. The vine crept up the walls, and ran along the top, while

thè

the purple clusters peeping through the luxuriant foliage, almost invited the hand to gather them. Taking a small key from his pocket, the Duke opened the door, and entering, they found themselves in a complete music-room.

"When will these wonders terminate?" said Adeliza; "surely, dear Marchioness, we are in fairy land."

"I am much disposed to be of the same opinion," returned she, smiling. "This is indeed delightful."

"You play, Marchioness," said the Duke, at the same time pointing to an organ; "and, if I mistake not, that is your instrument."

"By no means well," replied she.

f' Nay, my love," returned the Marquis, "you know you do very well. I am certain

you



you will oblige my uncle; he is a passionate admirer of that charming science."

The Marchioness seated herself, and played a fine piece of music with taste and execution. The room was circular, with a dome; around it were hung musical instruments of every description, and in one corner stood a handsome harp. He warmly applauded the Marchioness's playing, with which, as coming from so admirable a judge, she was much gratified.

"Will you have some refreshment, dear Marchioness?"

"I should have no objection; and though I see no preparation for any," looking archly round the room, "it will come, I doubt not, if you command it; for all here is enchantment."

"So fair a lady must be obeyed," said the

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the Duke; and touching a spring, a door, invisible before, flew open.

The Marquis, who knew the secret, smiled at the astonishment depicted in the countenance of both ladies, and, laughing, said—"Take care—I would advise you, however you are tempted, not to partake of any thing you may see there, let it be ever so inviting; the consequences may be dangerous."

"Oh!" returned the Marchioness, "I never could resist temptation in my life; and this is so peculiarly delightful, that I shall not even make a faint attempt, but, with the Duke's permission, begin with this ice."

Where the little rustic table was spread, (burdened with delicious fruits, cakes, sweet wines, and ice-creams) was a fragrant arbour, arbour, impenetrable to the rays of the sun, from being thickly overshadowed by various shrubs and flowers. Having finished their repast, the Duke entreated Adeliza to favour them with a little music. He understood, he said, that she played upon the harp; and Adeliza readily complied with his Grace's request. As with graceful fingers she swept along the strings, the Duke gazed on her with an expression of deep attention; then suddenly exclaimed—

" Do sing!"

Adeliza, surprised at the laconic manner in which this request was made, looked up; and, finding he regarded her with an earnest and inquisitive eye, felt herself extremely confused.

"What shall I sing, dear Marchioness?

—I am quite at a loss."

"Do, pray, Miss Pembroke," said the Marquis,

Marquis, "favour us with that beautiful imitation, by your countryman Garrick, of our Spanish Madrigal. The music you composed for it is exquisite, and peculiarly adapted to the melody of your voice."

Adeliza, without venturing to cast her eyes towards the Duke, began:—

For me, my fair a wreath has wove,

Where rival flow'rs in union meet;

As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,

Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose

Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's bip:

There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

Here Adeliza ceased, and, with surprise, observed the Duke in tears. He hastily walked into the garden, but presently returned without any trace of grief or distress remaining. In words expressive of the highest approbation, he warmly thanked Adeliza for the banquet she had just been feasting him upon.

As they returned to the Castle, the Duke could talk of nothing but the song, and the divine manner in which it had been sung. His praises really distressed Adeliza; for though she hoped that his high-wrought speeches were nothing more than national gallantry, so much used by the Spaniards, yet she felt relieved when she escaped to her own apartment. The Duke was then forgotten in the contemplation of a much more interesting object—her dear, her much

loved

loved Percy, who, though absent, was ever present to her mind. His picture, which she never for a moment parted with, was now re-examined with a pleasing melancholy, till tears, as was indeed commonly the effect of this indulgence, blinded her eyes. The ribbon to which it was suspended, being almost worn through, she took it off, and going to her cabinet for a chain, which had belonged to her mother, she fastened it to it; for though uncommonly beautiful, composed of pearls and diamonds alternately, she thought it would only be uniting two precious things together.

She then clasped it round her fair neck, which just as she had finished, the Marchioness entered, bringing with her a packet of letters that moment received from

from England. They contained assurances of love to Adeliza, and pleasing accounts of the Duchess and of Lady Anna. Hastily dressing, the ladies went down to dinner.

CHAP. VII.

Come, and with thee bring along Jocund tale and witty song,
Sense to teach, and words to move,
Arts to please, adorn, improve;
And to gild the glorious scene,
Conscience spotless and screne.

A WEEK passed rapidly away, in which all was busy preparation for the intended fête; the Duke, gallant to Adeliza, and affectionately kind to his nephew and niece. The mornings were spent by the Marchioness

Marchioness and her friend in the dressingroom of the former, where they were busily employed in making preparations to adorn their persons on this momentous occasion. Josephine she found extremely quick and useful in this department; and she was, by her steady and obliging conduct, become a great favourite with both ladies.

The Duke presented the Marchioness with a superb set of jewels; he wished likewise to make Adeliza a present of a pearl necklace and earrings, but this she steadily, though politely refused. The Duke could not conceal his mortification and chagrin, though he did not express it by words. He however made no second effort to persuade her to change her mind; but sullenly closing the case that contained them, with a very haughty air left the

the room. Adeliza was sorry that she had offended his Grace; but, satisfied she had acted as prudence dictated, she gave herself but little farther concern. All that day, he studiously avoided speaking to her; but the next, he appeared to have forgotten what had passed, and, as usual, was affable and obliging.

The day now drew nigh on which this sumptuous féte was to be given, and all was prepared in the nicest order.

- "Will you," said the Duke to Adeliza, "confer on me a very singular favour?"
 - " Your Grace may command me."
- "Nay, Miss Pembroke, I have no right to command—I only entreat. The petition I would now prefer, is this—that you will favour me by writing a few lines for the girls to sing, by way of chorus, at the commencement of our fete. Whatever comes

from

from your pen, must be equally harmonious and elegant."

Adeliza bowed, and modestly answered—
"Though unequal to the task, I shall certainly, my Lord Duke, make the attempt."

She retired to her room, and in half an hour brought with her the lines she had written, and with which his Grace was highly pleased, paying her many compliments on the infinite variety of charms and accomplishments she possessed.

The Marchioness Almanza extremely dreaded the day following, which was to be their entertainment, as she understood she must, according to the custom of the country, receive her visitors, alone seated under a canopy, erected for that express purpose in the hall. This being a ceremony that could not be avoided, to repine at it

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was useless. The Duke begged the ladies would appear in English dresses, which he much admired.

On this occasion the officers belonging to the Duke's home establishment, were invited; otherwise they never as yet had made their appearance in that part of the Castle which was occupied by the family. They lived in a sort of barracks attached to it, where the Duke visited them every day, and dined with them once a month; so that neither the Marchioness nor Adeliza had seen any of them nearer than passing below their windows along the ramparts.

Nothing could be more delightfully favourable than the weather proved on this rejoicing day. The Marchioness never looked more beautiful. Her dress was sumptuous, with a profusion of costly jewels. Adeliza's dress was simple and

elegant;

elegant; she looked enchantingly. The canopy under which the Marchioness was to be seated, was composed of violet-coloured velvet—the border, bunches of silver flowers, and at the top, in the center, the figure of the Virgin was placed. The richest carpets were spread all over the hall.

About three o'clock, the approach of company was announced by the sounding of a horn at the outer gates of the Castle. Each hastened to their respective stations. The Marchioness seated herself beneath her canopy, and Adeliza repaired to the new drawing-room, while the Duke and Marquis went to the grand saloon, there to receive the gentlemen.

As Adeliza went up stairs, she looked out of the window, and perceived a carriage advancing, drawn by eight mules most richly caparisoned, a multitude of expensively-

expensively-dressed servants attending. She did not stay to see who alighted, but went on, to be in readiness to welcome the guests it contained. The Duchess Infantado and the Countess Madalela were announced. Adeliza addressed them with elegance and courtesy. The stranger ladies bowed formally, and seated themselves; nor did they even exchange a word with one another.—An unpleasant beginning, thought Adeliza.

The Duchess Infantado was a tall stout woman, her eyes small and black, her complexion dark, and daubed with an immoderate quantity of rouge, which added (where no addition was necessary) to the fierceness of her eyes. Her dress was satin, though the weather was Midsummer hot. A profusion of jewels was spread abroad over her head, neck, and arms.

On every finger she wore rings without number, and of great value.—The Countess Madalela was a little mean-looking woman, dressed much in the same style with the Duchess,

Visitors now followed in rapid succession; but no one seemed inclined to speak after the first compliments were passed. Many handsome young women were of the party, dressed entirely in the French costume.

Among the last visitors who arrived, was Donna Vittoria Altimira. She entered the room with dignity and grace. Slightly noticing Adeliza, she turned to the Duchess Infantado, and conversed with her; and from what she said, Adeliza presently perceived that the Duchess was aunt to the fair stranger.

In spite of the extreme hauteur of Donna Vittoria's manner, Adeliza could not look upon her without the warmest admiration. She was tall, and elegantly formed; her eyes dark, and brilliantly expressive; her nose perfectly Grecian; her mouth and teeth beautiful; her face a fine oval; and her complexion transparent, so much so, that Adeliza could hardly suppose her to - be a Spaniard. Her hair, which was a real auburn, was in part gracefully twisted up in a bunch at the crown of the head, where it was fastened with a bow of diamonds, and the rest flowed in luxuriant ringlets to the bottom of her delicate waist. On her polished forehead it was parted, displaying to advantage her finelyarched dark eyebrows; round her head she wore a wreath of flowers composed of various

various coloured precious stones. From the back part of her head, a face-veil, trimmed all round with broad point, and studded with small diamond stars, floated as she moved, reaching nearly to the ground. Her dress was white silk, over which was an elegantly embroidered muslin drapery, fancifully and tastefully disposed, sumptuously ornamented at the bosom with point, edged at the upper part with brilliants, the waist being encircled with a zone, clasped with an emerald set in brilliants. Her necklace, earrings, bracelets, and rings were of the same costly materials; her hands, arms, and neck not less perfect than her face. By nature she was beautiful; nor was either expence or taste wanting to render her on this day irresistible.

Donna

Donna Vittoria must have been perfect in form and seatures, had she not been so conscious of her personal charms, which gave to her countenance the most unamiable expression. In that was depicted the most haughty superiority. The men she treated as abject slaves—the women as beneath her notice, unless, indeed, they were her near relations, and then it was only as the humour suited.

As she now conversed in a loud tone of voice with the Duchess, every eye was rivetted on her with admiration and envy. Adeliza thought her wonderfully handsome, but the Marchioness was, in her estimation, infinitely more interesting. Donna Vittoria walked up and down the apartments, found fault with some things, condescended to approve others, contemplated

plated her fair form in the magnificent mirrors, adjusted her dress, and hummed French airs.

The Marchioness entering, gracefully saluted her guests. The servants followed, bearing golden salvers, covered with various refreshments. The favourite beverage seemed to be chocolate, and little loaves of sugar in glasses of water, called Azucer Espanjado.

The gentlemen, with the Duke and Marquis, making their appearance, conversation became as animated as before it had been dull. All cold reserve was by universal consent banished, and in its stead triumphed gaiety and mirth.

Adeliza, who stood near Donna Vittoria, could not help noticing a visible embarrassment in the countenances of both, when the Marquis addressed that

lady

we isse but this soon went off, and went then mought no more of it. The turnes introduced his particular friend to her the Count Julian. He was a timesome and elegant young man, nor here his manners and conversation less measure than his person.

The windows were thrown open, and the company descended to the garden. The Duke led the way through a grove of companies thence along the side of a car writer next into a serpentine walk, burnaried on either side with flowers of every fue, whose varied colours and deliminus perfume added infinite charms to the walk. A path, diversified by elegant search with garbads of flowers hanging from tree to tree, led them to an extension that there the eye was struct.

equal distances were raised small temples, each formed by eight pillars, excepting the center one, which had twelve. Round these pillars were twined garlands of flowers; the top being formed by an awning of green silk. In the center of each of these charming retreats was placed a table, spread with every delicacy that nature could produce, art invent, or money purchase.

The company seated themselves as chance or inclination directed; the Count Julian keeping his station next to Adeliza, in defiance of the flattering invitation given by Donna Vittoria to him, who was seated at the same table. Observing the Count did not intend to avail himself of her gracious permission, she threw on him a glance full of scornful indignation; but instantly resumed her usual gay and unembarrassed

c 6

manners,

manners, making room for the Marquis Almanza to sit by her; and with him entering into an animated conversation, appeared to have forgotten that the Count was of the party.

The sweetest music now, at a distance, floated on the air;—it drew nearer; every eye was turned in silent expectation, when, from among a grove of trees, appeared a beautiful female. Her light garments of azure floated in the breeze; her head, waist, and dress were encircled and ornamented with wreaths of natural roses; in one hand she held a mandoline, and with simplicity and grace she delicately struck the strings.

Advancing to the center of the lawn, she paused; the gentle zephyr wafted her luxuriant tresses over her sweet face. The dazzling fairness of her skin, the celestial blue

blue of her eyes, the modesty and elegance of all her actions, called forth the admiration of the whole party, and, in particular, astonished and interested Adeliza. Six lovely children, each bearing a garland of flowers, fancifully encircled this captivating Nymph. In accents powerfully sweet, she sung these words, (composed by Adeliza, at the Duke's desire), being joined in parts by her little fairy attendants.

'Mid tangled woods and vallies green,
Pleasure with laughing eye is seen;
She leaves dull Care to pant behind,
And howl his ditties to the wind;
While to the hours that trip along
She sings some wild vagary song,
Or bids, in music all her own,
Health forsake her roseate throne,
And on her wanton cheek bestow
A portion of her fresh'ning glow.

Here

Here the warbling songstress ceased, and tripping forward to where the Marchioness was seated, with a wreath of "hyacinths blushing," encircled her head with infinite grace; then bowing to her, she retreated into the thicket with her nimble-footed and sportive Loves, and was seen no more.

The dancers next made their appearance, and for two hours amused the company with Fandangos and Segudillas, displaying their mazy rounds with spirit and pleasing attitudes. This over, the company returned to the Castle, each employing themselves as fancy or inclination dictated for an hour, till dinner was announced, which was plentiful and sumptuous.

In the evening was a ball. The effect of the new drawing-room was, when lighted, beautiful beyond the reach of imagination. imagination. The glasses, the flowers, the lights, the brilliant stars—in short, the whole together was striking. The Marchioness, fatigued with the exertions of the day, declined dancing. The Marquis, with the captivating Vittoria, began the ball with a Fandango. The Duke, to the surprise of Adeliza, requested the honour of her hand; but this she had early in the day promised to the Count Julian. The Duke, by no means pleased, sullenly seated himself, nor condescended to partake of that lively amusement the whole evening. Adeliza, though unacquainted with the style of Spanish dancing, acquitted herself with admirable grace. Her partner she found very agreeable, and, in short, every thing proved much more pleasant than she had expected.

At a late hour, the greater part of the company left the Castle. Some, however, remained, relations and intimate friends. The principal were the Duchess Infantado, Countess Madalela, Donna Vittoria Altimira, and the Count Julian.

It was late the following morning before any one was stirring. Adeliza was the first who made her appearance in the breakfast-room; presently after, the Marchioness followed, who rallied her on the conquest she had made of the handsome Count Julian. She talked gaily; yet there was in her manner a pensiveness that did not escape the watchful eye of friendship. This, supposing it might arise from fatigue, Adeliza did not dwell upon; but began talking of the Duke, who, she said she feared, was offended with her, though if





she had been so unfortunate, it was unintentionally.

"Men are strange unaccountable beings," answered the Marchioness, folding her arms, and casting her eyes up towards heaven; "happy," continued she, sighing deeply, "they who are perfectly independent of them!"

"This from the Marchioness Almanza!" said Adeliza, with unfeigned surprise.

"I speak nothing but the wretched truth!" replied she, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her handker-chief.—" But hark!" continued she, in evident alarm, "I shall be discovered; I must wipe away these foolish tell-tale tears. Some time hence, Adeliza, I may relate to you, my friend, the cause of them."

She hastily retreated to the window, and Adeliza thought it most prudent neither

to follow, nor attempt to enquire what it was that had thus distressed her.

Presently the Duchess Infantado entered. She had laid aside all her native hauteur, and appeared most affable, and to the Marchioness affectionately kind. She addressed her in the most flattering terms; declaring the joy she experienced in having so amiable an addition to the family. To Adeliza it appeared that her expressions of regard were too flowery to spring from the heart. The rest of the party joining them, put an end to this complimentary strain of discourse.

The Marchioness seemed to look towards the door each time it opened, with a sort of restless anxiety, and each time turned from it with disappointment visibly portrayed in her countenance. This Adeliza, who, with extreme solicitude, watched her friend,

4

friend, observed with pain, without being able in the slightest degree to account for the source of it.

The Countess Madalela coming in, apologized, in Donna Vittoria's name, for her absence from the breakfast-table, as, from the fatigues of the foregoing day, she felt herself too unwell to leave her room.

"Do," said the Marchioness, "my dear Adeliza, have the goodness to see that Josephine attends Donna Vittoria."

Adeliza instantly rose to obey, when the Countess prevented her going, by saying there was not the least occasion for her to give herself that trouble, as she had just left the Marquis in Donna Vittoria's dressing-room.

The Marchioness turned pale as death, and waved her hand to Adeliza to remain where she was, whose heart bled for her friend.

friend, and, sighing, she silently reseated herself. Count Julian, who observed all that passed with a watchful eye, approached the Marchioness, and by his animated and entertaining conversation, in a short time succeeded in the considerate endeavour of banishing from her thoughts such uneasy sensations: Adeliza having the real satisfaction of observing serenity and smiles restored to her amiable friend.

The Duke and Marquis now came in arm-in-arm. The Marquis addressed his wife with peculiar tenderness; and Adeliza, who minutely noticed every thing, saw all was not right. The Marquis looked pale and harassed, and presently retired to the window, against which he leaned in an attitude of thoughtful meditation.

"I know not," said the Duke, addressing himself to Adeliza, "whether I ought to forgive you, or not, after your rejection of me last night."

"Indeed, my Lord Duke," she answered, "had I been aware of the honour you intended to confer on me, I should certainly have made a point of keeping myself disengaged."

This flattering assurance restored the Duke to perfect good humour, and he gaily talked over the occurrences of the preceding day. Among other things, he asked her opinion of Donna Vittoria.

"She is, I think, my Lord, more beautiful than any thing I ever before beheld; but at the same time I must confess I think our dear Marchioness by far the most interesting as well as captivating of the two."

"And I could say," returned the Duke, gallantly bowing to Adeliza, "who is, in

in my opinion, more perfectly enchanting than either."

Adeliza, though she wished not to apply this compliment to herself, could not avoid it without absolute rudeness. She bowed in return, but instantly changed the subject.

"Pray," said she, "can your Grace inform me who that divine creature was, that so gracefully crowned the Marchioness with a wreath yesterday?—How harmoniously she sang!—I never was so instantaneously charmed with any one."

"I have not," replied the Duke, "the least idea who the fair damsel was. Some of my people will inform me, and I shall immediately enquire, if it will be any gratification to you, Miss Pembroke."

Adeliza thanked the Duke for his polite attention, and once more Vittoria became

the subject of their discourse. He told Adeliza she was, by her own relations, intended for the wife of his nephew; that she was distantly connected with his family, immensely rich, and he had reason to believe much attached to the Marquis, who by no means returned the affection she honoured him with; on the contrary, he had refused to marry her.

"In consequence of which declaration," continued the Duke, "as he had ever been submissive, affectionate, and dutiful, I suffered him to follow the dictates of his heart, wayward as it was; but to avoid as much as possible wounding her feelings, and more effectually to break off the match, I consented to his going to England, where it is unnecessary to inform you, he met with his present amiable Marchioness. Yesterday was the first time Donna Vittoria

Vittoria and he have met since his union; and I confess to you, Miss Pembroke, I was not a little surprised when I found she had accepted the invitation she, as a relation, had received. I trust, however, that every shadow of attachment on her side is completely done away; but at the same time I cannot altogether wonder at her present indisposition."

Here this interesting conversation was interrupted by the Marchioness, who, smiling, begged to know what important secret the Duke had been communicating. He coloured, and Adeliza looked embarrassed; but, rallying, he carried it off with so gay an air, that the Marchioness had not the most remote suspicion of the truth. Breakfast being finished, the Duchess Infantado, Countess, Marchioness, and Adeliza having seen the remaining guests away,

away, repaired to the dressing-room of Donna Vittoria.

They found her extended on the couch, her lovely face shaded by a fine Brussels lace, which bordered her elegant cap; one of her delicate arms languidly thrown over her head, and in the other she held something which, on their entrance, she hastily deposited in her pocket. Her dress was most artfully becoming, and altogether she looked irresistibly beautiful; her features, entirely divested of their arrogant expression, so disfiguring, and over her whole countenance the most serene sweetness was diffused.

She apologized to the Marchioness for not appearing at breakfast, who in turn expressed all that hospitality and the candid generosity of a British heart could dictate. An hour was spent in pleasing vol. 11.

chat; and Donna Vittoria, finding herself much recovered, said she would dress, and in a few minutes join the ladies in a walk round the garden. This arrangement made the ladies retire to their respective rooms, the Marchioness and Adeliza impressed with much more favourable sentiments of their guests, than they had before entertained.

CHAP. VIII.

Look on that bordering fence, whose osier trees

Are fraught with flow'rs, whose flow'rs are fraught with bees:
How with their drowsy tone the whistling air
(Your sleep to tempt) a concert does prepare.

At farther distance, but with stronger lungs,
The woodman joins with these his rustic songs;
Stock-doves and murm'ring turtles tune their throat,
These in a hoarser, these a softer note.

TRANSLATION.

IT was the day previous to that which was to unite Lord Richmond to Lady Caroline Lisburne, that Lady Margaret Surrey met Adeliza, as mentioned in a foregoing

foregoing chapter. On her reaching home, the Countess met her as she, with her servant, came into the half. She was alarmed at seeing her eyes swelled and inflamed.

- "Bless me! what is the matter with you, my sweet child?"
- "Oh mamma! I have seen her!—I have been clasped in her arms!"
 - "Seen who, my love?" enquired the Countess with surprise.
 - "My own Adeliza—my dear, dear Miss Pembroke! Yes, mamma, I do assure you it is indeed true; and she cried over me, and pressed me to her bosom, and enquired after you so kindly, and dear Catherine too, and kissed me as if I had been her own sister. Oh dear! I shall never—no, never forget her, but love her always at the very bottom of my heart!"

The

The Countess was, by the servant, informed of the whole adventure, but could not learn whose carriage it was, nor even what the liveries were. Lady Raby kissed off the tears from the rosy cheeks of her darling; told her she hoped soon to meet Miss Pembroke herself, and she should ask her to come and see them. The affectionate little Margaret, half wild with joy, skipped up-stairs into her sister's dressing-room, to communicate the glad news. Lady Catherine was little less affected than her younger sister, and flattered herself some fortunate chance might bring them all together again once more.

At ten o'clock, the morning after this,
Lord Richmond received from her venerable parent the fair hand of Lady Caroline
Lisburne. Lady Jane Surrey was one of
the bridemaids, and Miss Fortescue, own

H 3 cousin

cousin to Lady Caroline, the other. Returning from Church to Lord Sidmouth's, they partook of a sumptuous déjeune, and received the congratulations of the numerous friends of both families, who were there assembled.

After this, Lord Richmond, with his fair bride, Lady Jane, Lady Catherine, and Miss Fortescue, together with Sir Armine Temple and the Honourable Mr. Villars, set off for Raby Castle, there to spend a week. As the weather was uncommonly fine, they preferred open carriages. Travelling leisurely, they reached Raby Castle about dinner-time the next day.

Miss Fortescue proved a most agreeable addition to the party, she and Sir Armine keeping up the most lively and often humorous conversation; her spirits never flagged. To Lady Richmond, who had

never

never been beyond the limits of London, all was novel—all she saw striking her as strange, sometimes unaccountable. Miss Fortescue undertook the office of interpreter, but often roguishly gave very erroneous accounts and ridiculous explanations, for the sake of a laugh.

Miss Fortescue was sensible, well-informed, quick at repartee, and, as we have before said, with an unbounded flow of spirits. In her person she was rather short, had dark brilliant eyes, fine teeth, and a clear complexion. The Honourable Mr. Villars, second son of the Earl of Hinchinbrook, and distantly related to the Sidmouth family, was a young man of pleasing manners, cultivated understanding, excellent morals, and easy temper, though more inclined to be serious than gay. This pensive turn was considerably strengthened н. 4

strengthened by his uncomfortable situation at home, his brother, Lord Allen, being the decided favourite of his father, who declared that, at his death, he would give him all he could besides the paternal estates; and by so doing, leave his younger and much more deserving son, a dependant on the bounty of his haughty and unprincipled brother. This disposition he by no means wished to be kept a secret; as, he said, Harry might, if he those, make his fortune by marriage—a plan the generous youth by no means approved. preferred rather poverty and independence to the charms of wealth, if purchased by the sacrifice of the noblest feelings of the soul:

At this period it was that Lady Caroline Lisburne's marriage with Lord Richmond was to take place. The invitation she gave him him to pass some time with her and her Lord, was by Henry Villars readily accepted. The tenants of Lord Raby were assembled to welcome the son of their Lord and his bride. Every thing wore the face of happiness and joy. The mornings were spent by the gentlemen in shooting, and by the ladies in sauntering through the gardens and grounds belonging to this beautiful estate. In the evenings they danced, or had concerts.

A few mornings after their arrival at Raby Castle, the ladies, as usual, were taking a walk. Lady Richmond, who had gone forward, suddenly screamed. Miss: Fortescue hastened to see what was the matter.

"Oh good heavens!" exclaimed her Ladyship, in evident terror, (pointing to a hen with her pretty, well-grown brood,

who had, unperceived, stolen into the garden), what are those horrid looking things?"

"What!" replied Miss Fortescue, laughing immoderately, "surely, my dear Lady Richmond, you cannot ask me that question seriously."

"I never was more so in my life;" answered she, somewhat piqued at the liveliness of her cousin; "I shall be obliged to you, however, to tell me if they are venomous, or what creatures they are, if you can."

Miss Fortescue, not without the utmost difficulty, composed herself at last sufficiently to answer—"Why, it is only a poor harmless hen and her chickens."

"You may laugh, cousin," retorted her Ladyship, "but of this I am convinced, that these are not in the least like what

I have

I have seen brought to table. Where are their *livers* and *gizzards?*—I do not see them under their wings."

This was really too much, and Miss Fortescue, with Lady Catherine, laughed till they absolutely cried again. Lady Richmond could hardly forbear joining in the mirth raised at her expence, when Lady Catherine explained to her the reason of the amazing difference she talked of. Although the young ladies enjoyed the joke, yet were they too good-tempered to expose the ignorance of the young wife; they therefore agreed that no notice whatever should be taken of it before the gentlemen.

The weather continuing fine, the ladies proposed, by way of frolic, to walk about three miles across the fields to a fine hazel copse, to gather nuts. The gentlemen

hearing of this intention, resigned for that day the sports of the field, to accompany them; and agreed, by way of making a day of it, to go by water, and to take provisions along with them, to dine in quite a rustic style when they got there. The plan being agreeable to all, they themselves filled one boat, while the servants with provisions attended in another. The screnity of the weather, the placid azure of the sky, the fulling sound of the oars, as with regular strokes they were raised above the water, while their drippings sparkled in the sunbeams, together with the melody of birds, produced the most tranquillizing and harmo; nious effect. Reaching a sequestered shade, they landed; and having spread their repast on the turf, partook of it with all that glee which ever-pleasing novelty inspires. V 11

inspires. After this, they proceeded to the copse, amusing themselves with many a frolic and fancy.

In passing by the door of a rustic cabin, a lovely child was lying upon the grass, playing with a kitten. Sir Armine snatched the child up in his arms; and ran off with it, while the mother, coming to the door, looked eagerly for her child. Miss Fortescue calling to Sir Armine, he presently returned, and restored the little trembler, much enriched, to his gratified mother; while the lovely fellow opened his chubby hand to shew the mother the half-crown he had got from the gentleman.

"What a charming child!" said Miss Fortescue.

"It is quite a Cupid!" said Lady Jane.

"How can you make that out?" asked the lively Harriet. "Cupid is blind, and

two

two more beautiful eyes I never saw than this little love's."

"I should hardly suppose," returned Lady Jane, "that the sly god can be blind, unless when he chuses to be so, by putting a bandage before his eyes; in general, he is very quicksighted."

"Do not, sweet creatures," said Sir Armine, gaily interrupting them, "I beseech you, do not disagree; to settle the dispute, I will give you the young gentleman's exact description. I do not believe I recollect it all, nor shall I repeat it in Greek, but give you the translation.

He's easy to be known, him you may tell— From twenty others he's remarkable: His body much resembles fire, not white, His eyes are flames, and piercing as the light. Words drop like honey from his lips; his mind: Is wand'ring, and inconstant as the wind.

A dapple

A double-dealing knave, he's full of tricks,.

And never thinks one word of what he speaks.

When vex'd, revengeful—and at mischief glad,.

Exasp'rating with jeers the wounds he made.

Idis golden hair, in neatest braids, hang down

His shoulders, but his looks do seem to frown.

His hands are small, yet pointed darts they throw

So far, they wound the dusky King below.

Shave to no place, from this to that he flies,

And in all hearts the lurking villain lies;

Nor does his pow'r on one man vainly fall—

He blindly shoots his unseen shafts at all.

"This," continued Sir Armine, "is allean recollect. What think you of this lescription of the little gentleman?"

"Delightful;" said Lady Jane. "You ee, Miss Fortescue; he has eyes."

"Well, dear Lady Jane, I am satisfied, and really glad I disputed the point, as it has been followed by this significant decription by Sir Armine.

They

They had, during this conversation, been wandering along the banks of the river; and now a large and uncommonly fine oak attracted their attention. The branches extended almost across the river, which in this part was narrow; the shade of the branches cast a sombre hue upon the surface of the water. On the opposite side grew some elegant looking blue flowers, which Lady Richmond, with childish eagerness, wished to have; complaining how vexations it was that none grew on the side they were on.

Sir Armine Temple, ever ready and gallant in the service of the ladies, without hesitation, or indeed reflexion, sprang up the tree, and clambered to the outer branch, intending thence to drop on the opposite side; when, just as he reached the extent of it, it gave way, and in rebounding, rebounding, struck him on the head, and he was with violence precipitated into the stream, and disappeared.

Lady Jane shrieked—" Oh mercy, he drowns! Will no one save him?"

Villars, who with Lady Catherine was quietly walking at the river's edge, alarmed by the shriek, suddenly turned, and observing part of a coat floating on the surface of the water, without a moment's deliberation plunged into the stream. Twice he sunk, and rose again without finding him; but the third generous effort was crowned with success, for he brought Sir Armine to the surface, and with some difficulty dragged him to the bank of the river, but with very little appearance of life remaining. Villars, exhausted, fainted quite away.

All was now confusion and dismay. At a distance from every assistance, what was to be done? The woods re-echoed with Lord Richmond's voice hallooing to the servants. Lady Richmond, the thoughtless cause of all this mischief, was wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly; while Lady Jane leaned against a tree, applying a smelling-bottle to her nose. Miss Fortescue and Lady Catherine, were with trembling, endeavouring to administer relief to the sufferers. She rubbed Sir Armine's hand and temples with hartshorn; but no symptom of returning animation appeared.

All now had crowded round him; and as poor Villars lay unnoticed, Lady Catherine left her first care, to attend to him. She kneeled down on the grass, and raising his

his head, supported it on her lap. In a few minutes, with the aid of some lavender-water, he began to come to himself. Opening his languid eyes, and perceiving who it was that, with tender solicitude, hung over him, a transient glow of health spread itself over his fine face; but this soon retreated again, and was succeeded by an ashy paleness. Lady Catherine, terribly alarmed, was now thrown entirely off her guard; she burst into tears, and extended her arms to support his sinking head, fearing he was dying.

"Oh God!" exclaimed she with fervour,
"in mercy spare my dearest Villars!—Restore my beloved friend!"

Though his eyes were closed, yet Villars still retained sense enough to understand what the fair petitioner had ejaculated, and with sympathetic emotion listened to

it;

it; nor would he have exchanged the delightful sentiment it conveyed, for the wealth of worlds. A short time restored him to life, while he poured forth the grateful feelings of his soul to his solicitous friend.

Sir Armine's recovery was slow and uncertain. The servants had come up during this disastrous accident, and one had been dispatched to the Castle for carriages, so the ladies shuddered to look only on the water.

Mr. Villars received the united thanks of all the party for his intrepid defiance of danger; and they all agreed that, but for his critical assistance, Sir Armine Temple must inevitably have been drowned. Villars generously disclaimed all title to praise, saying that he only followed the natural impulse of the moment, without even knowing

knowing to whom the assistance was to be given, as he had not witnessed the accident. Turning to Lady Catherine, he said, in a lower voice—

"I shall ever consider this as one of the happiest events of my life, as now I may indulge the delightful hope that I am not totally indifferent to the only woman on earth I ever did, or ever can love."

Lady Catherine blushed, while a soft sigh stole from her guileless heart; nordid it escape the observation of the enraptured Villars.

The carriages arriving, Sir Armine was lifted into one of them, being unable to stir without assistance. He complained violently of his head, which, upon examination, they discovered had received a violent contusion from the branch, which

was indeed the occasion of his sinking so often.

The party reached the Castle, half dead with fatigue and apprehension. Sir Armine was put to bed; a surgeon, being sent for, bled him, and much wished to prevail on Mr. Villars to submit to the like operation: but this he would not consent to, nor would he take any farther care of himself, than merely changing his wet clothes for dry ones. He did not suffer for his humanity more than by a slight cold, which he took no pains to get rid of, as it ensured him the watchful enquiries of the amiable Lady Catherine Surrey. A short time restored Sir Armine to his usual. good health; and truly grateful he was to his generous preserver.

The party, having recovered their spirits, now turned their thoughts towards London, having, having, from the late accident, exceeded the limits of their proposed stay at Raby Castle. Only two of the company experienced any thing like regret at the idea of leaving the charms of the country, for the heat and dust of the town. It was indeed an unusual time of the year for such a revisiting; but as Lord Sidmouth always remained there, and Lord Raby, from business, was obliged to do the same, Lord Richmond thought it best to be there also.

Mr. Villars and Lady Catherine, equally pleased with each other, looked forward with regret to the time when they must necessarily not meet so often. As to the others, the country had at no time any thing more captivating than novelty to recommend it; that gloss rubbed off, London appeared to gain additional charms and attractions by the contrast.

CHAP. IX.

Among these lonely regions, where, retir'd From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells In awful solitude:

Where the green serpent from his dark abode, Which ev'n imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issues.

THOMSON.

FOR eight days the Duchess Infantado and her friends remained at Santa Fe; and during that time, nothing was wanting to render their visit as agreeable, and the amusements as varied as possible. The Duchess

Duchess continued to be particularly kind to the Marchioness, who felt herself gratified and pleased, and returned her kindness affectionately. The Countess Madalela, a mere cipher, acted as fancy directed, without any one giving themselves the trouble of thinking about her. Donna Vittoria was sometimes haughty, whimsical, or imperious—at others wore the semblance of every pleasing virtue and winning grace, but upon the whole, from the caprice of her temper, was an unpleasing companion.

The attention paid Adeliza by the Count Julian, was assiduous and tender, yet respectful. His marked civility distressed her, as she saw he was amiable, and she wished not to be the cause of any uneasiness to him. She could not, however, with delicacy take any step to prevent

vol. II. his

his forming a serious attachment to her; for, notwithstanding his prepossession was too visible to be mistaken, he had never declared himself her lover. The Duke Garcias Moresco also treated her with the most distinguished attention.

The Duchess Infantado began to talk of returning home, having prevailed upon the Duke and his family, including Adeliza, to accompany her and her niece to her chateau, situated from the Castle of Santa Fe but twelve miles.

Although the distance was so short, it took them the greater part of the day to perform the journey; the slow pace of the mules, together with the ruggedness of the roads, rendering travelling extremely tedious. Adeliza would have preferred walking at times; but this she would not have been permitted to do alone, therefore she

she quietly kept her seat, though constrained to listen to the impassioned whisperings of the Duke, who with the Duchess Infantado' and the Countess, formed the party in that carriage.

Presently the Count Julian left his companions, to come and point out to Adeliza's observation a mountain of amazing height, which they were approaching, and which, he said, was rendered famous by a singular catastrophe many years back, which was this.

A handsome young French Knight, being taken prisoner by one of the Moorish Kings, fell deeply in love with his daughter. His passion was returned by the beautiful Moor, who knowing that to gain the consent of her father would be an impossibility, she agreed to elope with her lover. They were pursued, and gaining

ascent on the other side, though so tremendous a height on this, and seeing themselves destitute of all means of escape, they first threw themselves into each other's arms, and then precipitated themselves from the immense height, and were dashed to pieces. The mountain is to this day called Mount Crespeda Pena de los Enemorandos.

This story was told by the Count Julian with much feeling. He eloquently descanted on the varied pleasures and miseries attendant on that enchanting passion; "though," continued he, sighing deeply, "the consequences are, alas! too often productive of the greatest wretchedness that man can experience!"

The story, and the subject with which it was so nearly allied, furnished conversation

for the remainder of the ride. As they got nearer the chateau, the country became more and more beautiful, particularly so in the eyes of our English ladies, who were unaccustomed to see in their own country such beautiful variety. Whole fields of cotton, almost fit to be gathered, presented a charming display to the sight; in many places growing above a yard high. The pale green stalks and leaves, with the yellow flowers, ticked with small red spots, were strikingly elegant, as they gently waved to and fro in the soft breeze.

Alighting as soon as they entered the confines of the Duchess's grounds, they walked along the margin of a small lake, on whose tranquil surface hundreds of wild ducks were sporting. The grounds through which they passed, were tastefully as well as advantageously laid out; the

gardens encircled with hedges of pomegranate, whose scarlet blossoms added the gayest effect to the pleasing scenery.

The chateau by no means corresponded with the beauty of the surrounding description. Situated at the bottom of a glen encircled with pines, some of which were a hundred feet in height, it appeared both damp and dreary; nor was the inside much more agreeable, than the outer view of it promised. They received, however, a hearty welcome from the Duchess, and presently a variety of refreshments were brought in.

The number of servants kept by the Duke Garcias Moresco, as well as by the Duchess Infantado, struck Adeliza as equally unnecessary and expensive. Making some remark suggested by this reflection to the Count Julian, he informed

her

her that it was the custom all over Spain, to keep a multitude of servants; which indeed must unavoidably be the case, as no master ever turned away a servant, unless he had been guilty of some great offence; that therefore those grown grey in the service of their fathers, as well as their families, were retained in the family of the son, or next heir; and that, however incredible it might appear, yet it was a fact well authenticated, that it was no uncommon thing to see in one household three hundred servants.

At a short distance from the chateau. was a building used as a music-room. Here of an evening, the Duchess and her guests constantly resorted, and played and sang alternately. The Count Julian had a voice uncommonly clear and sweet, and played upon a variety of instruments, frequently accompanying

accompanying Adeliza in her songs upon the oboe.

At this period she, with inconceivable distress, perceived a marked alteration in the conduct of the Marquis towards his amiable wife—an alteration that was too palpable to escape her notice. To assign any reason for this, was impossible; she could attribute it to nothing but fickleness and love of variety, so natural to the sex, let the charms of the object they are united to, be ever so attractive, and the person for whom she is deserted, possess ever so little merit.

"And who," said Adeliza, mentally, "shall have the temerity to condemn these thoughtless beings—these lords of the creation!"

For some little time past, Adeliza had feared that Donna Vittoria was throwing out

out her lures to ensnare the affections of the Marquis. This supposition daily gained ground, and she feared that Donna Vittoria had not practised her arts in vain. She rejoiced, however, that the Marchioness appeared unconscious of any change in the manners of her husband. She wondered at her blindness; for love is in general very quicksighted, and only hoped, fervently hoped, she might long, remain in such happy ignorance.

Many things just at this time rose to perplex Adeliza. From the first she had taken an invincible dislike to, and a repugnance at the idea of this visit, and which she was unwilling to acknowledge even to herself. The beautiful Vittoria (without any tincture of envy) she much disliked; she feared not for herself, but trembled for the peace of her friend, her

1 5 benefactress.

benefactress. An open enemy she might have at least attempted to help her to guard against; but it was the serpent concealed in fragrant flowers, that she feared might sting even to misery and death! These apprehensions she confined to her own breast, hoping that the terrors she experienced for the peace of her friend, might prove less formidable than her foreboding heart predicted.

Another cause of uneasiness was, that the Count Julian had, to all appearance, transferred his attention from herself to the Marchioness; not that Adeliza was by any means disappointed that he was less particular to her than usual, or like many females, who wish, even if the object be unpleasant, to be flattered or caressed by them. No, her heart being entirely devoted to Percy, she sickened at the idea even

even of being beloved by any other man. But she, knowing a little of the dark side of the human character, feared that the Marquis (if really estranged from his wife -and it is natural to wish for an excuse to do what conscience tells us is wrong) might be glad of an opportunity to condemn her, if in her conduct any thing appeared that he did not exactly approve, however reprehensible might be his own.

The Duke Garcias Moresco could no longer be misunderstood. He took not the least pains to conceal from Adeliza the attachment he felt for her. This she had dreaded, as productive of distressful inconvenience; and she had flattered herself that, by her averseness to understand him, the Duke's penctration might discover her indifference, and his pride by this means 16

taking

taking the alarm, she might happily be freed from his persecution.

The day had been uncommonly sultry, and Adeliza, from the agitation of her spirits, being far from well, had remained alone in her chamber. Knowing that at any hour she might with safety walk in the grounds, about eleven o'clock at night, thinking all was quiet, she descended to the garden. The serenity of the night, the soft splendour of the moon casting her silvery beams around, the odoriferous scent of the flowers, with the lulling sound of a distant waterfall, hushed her spirits to repose.

Adeliza seated herself on the grassy turf.

Her head rested on her fair hand. She fell into a train of deep meditation, from which she was roused by the sound of approaching

approaching footsteps. She was rather startled, but, fearing no ill, she kept her seat. Voices, apparently in earnest conversation, now struck upon her ear, and in the next minute she plainly distinguished the Marchioness Almanza and the Count Julian. They passed at some little distance, without observing her. Adeliza trembled.

"Good heavens!" thought she, "how imprudent is the Marchioness thus to give cause to the Marquis for displeasure and jealousy!—Well do I know the purity of her heart, and the innocence of all her actions. Would to God she would be more circumspect in her conduct!—Alas! she knows not the jealousy of a Spanish husband!"

Scarcely had these thoughts passed across her mind, ere, with inconceivable agony,

she

she saw the Marquis Almanza, with hasty steps, following the path they had taken. She shuddered, and knew not what measures it would be best to pursue. No time, however, was to be lost in deliberation; she flew rather than walked after the Marquis; but neither he nor either of the others were to be seen. She entered the chateau, but here all was quiet and silent as death. She leaned against the banister of the stairs in breathless expectation, fearing something dreadful would ensue; but no sound was to be heard, save the solitary ticking of the large clock in the hall.

After some little time, she returned to her own room, keeping the door ajar, dreading she hardly knew what. Morning dawned before Adeliza thought of going to bed, and even then she could not sleep.

Bathing

Bathing her face in cold water, by way of refreshing herself, soon after rising, invited by the tranquil beauty of the morning, she descended once more to the garden. The fragrance of the plants and shrubs sparkling with pearly dew, the warbling of innumerable birds that hopped from branch to branch, the soft stillness of the air, the sun slowly emerging from behind the hills, dispersing with his salutary and all-powerful rays the damp vapours and unwholesome exhalations of the night, and enlivening, invigorating, and beautifying all the surrounding objects, raised altogether in the breast of Adeliza the most rapturous emotions.

"Oh thou all-gracious Ruler of the Universe!" exclaimed she, raising her heavenly eyes in humble adoration, "like as thou showest thy mercy and goodness

in

in the natural world, so graciously extend it towards thy erring creatures in the moral!

—Grant that whatsoe'er of ill this night may have gathered, may by thy pitying goodness be dispersed, even as these clouds and vapours disappear before the orient sun!"

Adeliza walked about the grounds tilk summoned to breakfast. She could hardly persuade herself that what she had witnessed, was any thing more than the effects of a heated imagination, as in the breakfast-room every one appeared unembarrassed. The Count Julian anxiously enquired after her health, fearing, from her unusual paleness, that she was not well. Adeliza answered coldly that she was perfectly so.

The Marquis paid great attention to Donna Vittoria, and the pleasure she experienced experienced from this distinction, she took no pains to conceal. Breakfast over, the Marchioness whispered Adeliza—" Do come to my room in half an hour." She waited not for an answer, but at the appointed time she went, as requested.

As soon as she entered the apartment, the Marchioness fastened the door; then throwing herself into her arms, gave free vent to those tears she had, with so much difficulty, restrained till now. Adeliza, terribly alarmed, entreated her, for Heaven's sake, to tell her the cause of her distress—" Say but, dear Marchioness, I can assist in removing it, and I shall be easier."

"Nothing human can, I fear, administer comfort to me!" replied the Marchioness mournfully. "My dear Adeliza, look not so incredulously on me; what I now say is, alas! too true!—Oh my friend! I am

no

no longer the object of affection, but of hatred to my husband!—He, for whom I parted from the best of mothers, have left my friends, and become a voluntary exile from my native country—he that I have ever loved with the warmest affection—whom I chose from among the whole world to be my companion, my guide, my guardian!—and to be by him deserted and despised!—Oh Heaven! it is more than I have fortitude to bear!"

Her hands were clasped in agony, while tears streamed down her pale face.

"For mercy's sake!" said Adeliza earnestly—"Oh, do not, my dearest friend, thus cruelly distress yourself! We must hope, let appearances be ever so against the Marquis, that he is not so much to blame as you apprehend. There are, I fear,

fear, most wicked and designing people even under this roof."

True," replied the Marchioness, "yet I cannot hope; no, that flatterer has for ever fled from my widowed bosom ! -I am now fatally convinced that I have lost the love of Ferdinand!—It is long since I began to suspect that all was not as it should be. You know me too well, my dear Adeliza, to think on such a subject as this especially, I would talk lightly? -No, it is indeed to me most serious!-Fatal to my peace, I fear, was the hour that brought Donna Vittoria to the Castle of Santa Fe. You may recollect how much the very day after her arrival, you saw me distressed: I did not then relate the cause, which was this.

"When the Duke gave the refresco, I had not joined you in the drawing-room half

half an hour, ere, to my infinite surprise, I heard two ladies in earnest conversation together; and the Marquis as well as myself being frequently named, I will confess to you my curiosity was strongly excited, nor had I courage to move from the place where I stood. I listened, and suffered the misery of hearing that the Marquis had been tenderly attached to Donna Vittoria, and which, on her part, was returned; that his uncle, the Duke, for what reason no one could imagine, had positively refused his consent; and, to prevent the possibility of his arbitrary commands being disobeyed, had sent the Marquis over to England, with the strictest injunctions to remain there till he should return with a wife; and that if he dared to disobey this order, he would disinherit him, nor leave him a single marevida.

was said in praise of Donna Vittoria; and one of the ladies remarked that the Fates had surely intended her for his wife, for that the Marquis, ever accustomed to controul, would have been happy to follow as she led; and, therefore, to a tame, obedient wife, such as his present Marchioness seemed to be, he would soon grow cold and indifferent.

"The pangs this conversation inflicted," continued the Marchioness, "you may, my amiable friend, imagine, but language cannot describe. I had indeed heard enough; and turning to see who had thus been conversing, I discovered it was the Duchess Infantado and the Countess Madalela. Fearing all I had now heard, must be too true, I resolved not to act as a tame wife, as by so doing, I was to lose the affection of my husband; but exert as

much spirit as my nature would assume. In pursuance of this plan, I have endeavoured to conceal the grief that preyed upon my very heart, and to appear unconcerned at the coldness of the Marquis, and the supercilious airs of my bolder rival.—But now," continued the Marchioness, with an agonized countenance, "the struggle is over. I shall wear a mask no longer; for my sorrows and my misery are complete.

"Early this morning, Ferdinand came into my room—(he had been absent all night). I was walking up and down in extreme agitation; I would have flown into his arms to welcome him, had not the look with which he regarded me, almost froze my soul. I involuntarily shuddered, when he, in a determined and menacing voice, said—

'Matilda,

- ' Matilda, dare you look on me?'
- "I did till tears blinded my eyes.
- 'Oh!' continued he, in a softened tone, "I must not trust myself to behold your tears, and the apparent innocence of your countenance!'
- " I laid my hand on his arm; he started as if stung by a viper.
- 'Think not,' said he furiously, 'unhappy woman, longer to practise your
 cursed arts on me!—Matilda, I know you
 well!—Yes, you may well tremble!'
- "I would have spoken, but he would not hear me. He then added these frightful words—
- 'Had you proceeded one step further in your guilt, (yes, guilt, Adeliza!) I would have revenged the honour you have abused, in a manner dreadfully decisive!'
 - "Oh God!" continued the Marchioness

in agony, "and do I live to repeat this?

—Is it not all a racking dream?"

Adeliza, by every art in her power, tried to administer consolation to her distracted friend. She related the account given to her by the Duke himself, of the Marquis's connection with Donna Vittoria, so different from what had just been repeated. This information in some degree quieted her, but she went on to say—

"Ferdinand farther told me, that if I mentioned one word of what had then passed either to the Duke Garcias Moresco, or any of his relations, or even appeared uneasy the few remaining days we were to be at the chateau, he would instantly have me conveyed where I should have only bare walls to complain to. With this threat he left me; but pausing before he shut the chamber-door, he said—

' Matilda,

' Matilda, remember I am a Spaniard!'

"Oh my friend! counsel me, comfort and direct me; for indeed I stand in need of all your kind assistance!—My mother, my tender, considerate, indulgent mother, well it is for your peace that you know not this severest of trials to your unoffending child!"

Adeliza endeavoured to persuade the Marchioness that all might yet be cleared up, as it was evident the story she had overheard, had been fabricated for some wicked and selfish purpose, and that a little time might bring the whole plot to light. And indeed to her it appeared, that Donna Vittoria was the vile instigator of all the mischief; yet from this supposition little hope could be derived, as the Marquis had shewn himself resolutely determined not to listen to one word in vol. II.

extenuation from his injured wife. Adeliza entreated permission to talk to him, but this the Marchioness strongly opposed; nor could she be prevailed upon to allow a single step to be taken, towards clearing up this mysterious business.

"I know," said the Marchioness, "that the Marquis is at this moment out with Donna Vittoria, or I should not have ventured to bring you to my room. I would if possible, my love, preserve to myself the comfort of your society; but should my Lord have the slightest reason to suspect your being privy to what he mistakingly styles my wrong conduct, (and that all-seeing Rower, who knows the very secrets of the heart, I call to witness my innocence), he would surely deprive me of your soothing company; and that I could not bear. I will not, however,

torment myself by anticipating fresh sorrows, but, if possible, cherish hope."

Adeliza endeavoured to encourage and strengthen this resolution, to put her firm trust in that Being, who can and will support the oppressed, succour the afflicted, and in his good time reward the good, and punish the vile and hypocritical. The Marchioness, fearful that her remaining so long in her chamber alone with Adeliza, might be subject to ill-natured animadversion, entreated her now to leave her, saying she would follow her down stairs in a few minutes. She therefore descended to the parlour, and finding no one there, walked into the garden, where she was presently followed by Josephine.

"I have been looking for you this hour, Miss Pembroke." "For me?" said Adeliza with surprise; "nothing unpleasant has happened, I hope!"

"No, Madam, nothing; but the Count Julian sent me in search of you. He wished much to see you, Ma'am, before he left the chateau; but, as you were not to be found, he could wait no longer, but gave me this letter to put into your hand; and he desired me to tell you, Ma'am, that nothing but the most urgent business could have taken him from the chateau without seeing you.—Have you, Miss Pembroke," anxiously enquired the good girl, "if the question is not an improper one, been with my dear Lady?"

"I have just left her.—But why do you ask?"

"Because, Ma'am, I am sure your company

company would be a great comfort to my sweet Lady."—In almost a whisper, continued Josephine—"I wish we were safely out of this house; it is a sad place.—Oh mercy!" exclaimed she, with evident fear, "as I live, there comes the Duchess! Pray do not let her see that letter, Miss Pembroke!" and away she ran into the chateau.

Adeliza put the letter into her pocket; and turning into another walk, avoided the Duchess, who appeared at some little distance; and presently after she perceived the Marquis Almanza, and leaning on his arm, the artful, though truly beautiful Donna Vittoria Altimira.

CHAP. X

A boding silence reigns
Decad through the dun expense, any the duit senot
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath:
Prone to the lowest vale th' agrid tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving ravens source
Dare wing the dubious dusk.

THOM NOW.

A DELIZA, puzzled beyond measure by the events of the morning, hastily tore open the Count Julian's letter, in hopes that the contents might assist in elucidating the

the mystery that enveloped the Marchioness; but here again she was disappointed: for it was altogether a declaration of love, and an offer of marriage. Nothing could be more delicate and respectful than the style in which he wrote: he said he could not leave the chateau, which he was unwillingly compelled to do, without acquainting her with his fears, hishopes, and his wishes; and concluded by saying that he should return in a few days, She sighed as she mournfully folded the letter together; and as she was going to put it into her pocket, the Marquis passed. He looked inquisitively at her, but spake · not. She thought his behaviour odd, and with pensive steps retired to the house. As she entered, the Duke met her, and accested her with his usual kindness.

"Shall you, my sweet friend, regret leaving this chateau, to return to the gloomy Castle of Santa Fe?"

"Oh no, my Lord Duke," replied she, with vivacity, "I shall indeed be truly glad to enter its venerable walls once more; there, I trust, we shall enjoy tranquillity and happiness!"

"I feel myself equally delighted and flattered," replied the Duke, taking her hand, which he pressed; "and would Adeliza, lovely enchanting woman! accept this hand, and become its mistress, Santa Fe would acquire a value in my eyes it never before could boast of!"

A faint sickness stole through her frame, and overspread her face with a deathlike paleness. She was, however, relieved from the disagreeable necessity of making any reply, by the entrance of the Duchess.

Adeliza

Adeliza left the room, and, going up to her apartment, flung herself into a chair, and burst into an agony of tears. A tap at the door hastily roused her. She asked who was there, and was answered by Josephine. She was desired to come in.

"I fear," said she, "I intrude, Ma'am."
"No, my good girl; but tell me—I see

by your countenance that something unpleasant has occurred—what is the matter?"

"Heaven only knows, Ma'am, what is the cause; but sure enough there is my Lord Marquis in a dreadful rage: he has just been in my Lady's dressing-room, ordering her to prepare to leave the chateau within an hour. So my Lady sent me to tell you this, and also to request you will not come to her. She says you can guess the reason."

Adeliza made no remark upon any of these strange proceedings, but in silence prepared for their departure.

Without the smallest particle of regret, she took leave of the Duchess Infantado and the Countess Madalela. Donna Vittoria she did not see, as from caprice she was again confined to her room. The Duke made many apologies to Adeliza for thus having hurried her; but remarked that circumstances were such as rendered their return, without any loss of time, to Santa Fe of the utmost importance.

He took her hand, and led her to the carriage. Presently came the Marchioness, pale and dejected, leaning on the arm of Josephine. The Marquis followed alone. No one seemed inclined to break the silence. The Duke threw himself into a

corner,

corner, with his arms folded, in a meditating posture. The Marquis looked restless and miserable; his face was flushed, and his countenance indicated an unhappy mixture of grief and anger. He did not once glance his eyes towards his unfortunate wife, who still retained her composure of mind; though a deep sigh often stole from her guiltless heart, and a tear strayed unbidden down her pale cheek.

Adeliza experienced a thousand varied emotions warring in her breast—pity for the undeserved sorrows of her friend, indignation towards the Marquis for his ungenerous treatment of his amiable wife, and anger against the Duke for suffering these proceedings, without minutely enquiring into the cause, or at least giving some ostensible reason for these sudden, no less than unaccountable steps.

The

The day had been uncommonly dark and sultry. It was now six o'clock; the clouds gathered black and thick, the birds, in apparent fear, skimmed close along the surface of the earth, the air felt suffocating, not a breeze stirred the leaves, and a dead calm reigned throughout. As they slowly journied on, the darkness increased so much, that they could hardly distinguish the beaten track. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning shot through the carriage, and was succeeded by a tremendous clap of thunder.

The carriage had now entered the confines of a wood. The coachman stopped, afraid to venture within its almost invisible precincts, especially as the mules were young, and rather unruly. The Marquis impatiently bade him drive on; but the Duke thought it would be most prudent to endeavour endeavour to gain some place of shelter from the fury of the approaching storm, and this the servants informed them they might find in the hollow of a rock they had but just passed.

Turning, they found the place, which they all entered. Adeliza remained at the mouth of it; the Marchioness seated herself upon the ground. The Marquis leaned against the damp side of it, while the Duke, at the upper end, threw himself prostrate on the earth, covering his face with both his hands. The Marchioness wrapped her face in the gown of the terrified Josephine, while Adeliza calmly contemplated the awfully sublime, though fearful scene.

The thunder, which had growled at a distance, now rolled onward, and burst in such peals over their heads, as seemed to shake

shake the earth to its very center. The blue lightning flashed among the trees, and quivered along the ground; while the mountains one moment appeared, as if clothed in livid flame—the next

"The jaws of darkness did devour it quite."

The wind howled, and seemed in fierce contention with the thunder; but at length the thunder was heard at a greater distance, each peal becoming fainter than the last, till it died quite away. The lightning only threw short quiverings from the clouds; but the rain descended in torrents. The Marquis, starting from his reclining posture, sighed heavily; he said to Adeliza—

[&]quot;I must go and see after the servants: and mules!"

[&]quot;Oh heavens!" said the Marchioness.
anxiously,

anxiously, "do not, my Lord—I beseech you, do not expose yourself to the fury of the tempest!—Let me entreat you to stay!"

Turning hastily, he looked upon her.—
"Matilda," said he, in an agitated voice,
"what avails your anxiety about my preservation, when you can calmly destroy
my peace of mind!"

He rushed out of the cavern, and the Marchioness sunk, bereft of sense, upon the earth. Adeliza, terrified, hastened to her assistance. She called the Duke; but he either heard her not, or did not heed her call. Presently the Marquis returned drenched with the rain. On observing the situation to which the Marchioness was reduced, he kneeled down by her side; then called on her name in accents of frantic grief, and soul-rending remorse,

and by every exertion endeavoured to restore her to animation. Their united efforts Adeliza with agony began to dread, would prove ineffectual; for the mournful persuasion had taken possession of her mind, that life had for ever forsaken her angel friend.

A more affecting picture could hardly be conceived. On the damp earth kneeled the Marquis, his face pale as ashes, his hair disordered, and his whole appearance expressive of agonized solicitude. Extended on the ground, her head unconsciously resting on his lap, lay the elegant Marchioness, her features seemingly fixed in death, while the equally pallid flashes of lightning gleamed across her face. Adeliza was earnestly employed in chafing her temples, whilst Josephine wept aloud.

Almost

Almost an hour was spent in this distressing situation. The storm had subsided entirely, and they were enveloped in darkness profound. At length one of the servants discovered a torch in the seat of the carriage; and, as necessity is ingenious, contriving to strike a light, he lit it, which was a most welcome acquisition. servant held it, while it threw a frightful red glare on all the faces of the distressed party. The Duke, relieved from his fears, for which there was too just a cause, hung over the Marchioness, dreading what might follow. At length opening her eyes, she cast them on the Marquis, grasped his hand she held in her's, and relapsed again into insensibility.

Adeliza thought it the most advisable plan to lift the Marchioness into the carriage.

carriage. This was agreed to, and the Darke and Marquis gently raising her from the ground, carefully put her into it. The Marquis, now perhaps too late, seemed to have forgotten all his resentment, and entirely to have resumed his former love and tenderness.

The carriage drove slowly through the wood, the Duke starting with fear if a branch rattled across the window; and in no very quiet terms complained of the Marquis, who, by his rush credulity, had been the occasion of so much unnecessary alarm, and in all human probability, the death of his amiable, though unjustly-suspected wife. To these reproaches the Marquis answered not a word.

Once more the Marchioness opened her languid eyes; she regarded those around her

her with a look of vague enquiry, laid her hand on her heart, sighed heavily and repeatedly, and in low accents talked rapidly to herself. Adeliza, alarmed, anxiously enquired how she found herself. She looked at her for a moment, as if endeavouring to recollect her, but answered her not. Adeliza tenderly repeated the question.

"My mother," said the Manchioness,
"committed see to his protection; she
did not, dear kind parent, think he would
ever forget her Matilda, much less hate
her !-- I like not Vittoria, nor the Duchous!

The Duke is good, very good!—Poor
Count Julian! I am sorry for him, because
he is in love!—Oh, it is a sad thing to be
in love!—Heigho!"

The Marquis started from her side, and hastily

hastily desired Adeliza to take his place. The Marchioness continued to ramble incoherently, till, exhausted, she sunk asleep upon her weeping friend's supporting shoulder. The moon which had kindly lent her aid to light them on the latter part of their journey, now entirely withdrew her cheering beams; so that during the time the Marchioness had thus her "senses steeped in forgetfulness," not one word had been spoken by any of the disconsolate party.

On their arrival, the Duke and Marquis lifted the Marchioness out of the carriage, still in deathlike sleep, and laid her on the couch in the parlour. The Marquis, instantly as he resigned his burthen, left the room, and rushed up stairs, where he locked himself into his own apartment. Nothing could equal the distress of mind Adeliza

Adeliza experienced on beholding the unmerited sufferings of her inestimable friend. She watched by her, holding her burning hand in her's, wishing, yet fearing, she would awake.

The Duke, much alarmed, immediately sent for medical assistance. Soon after he left the room, the Marchioness languidly opened her eyes; and meeting those of her friend bent upon her with the utmost anxiety—

"Adeliza," said she, "is it you, my love?—Oh, how sadly my temples throb!
—I wish I was in bed!"

Adeliza's joy at thus seeing her friend restored to her senses, overpowered her spirits, and choked her articulation. She raised the feverish hand she held to her lips, while tears rolled fast down her cheeks.

cheeks. With the assistance of Josephine, she put the Marchioness to bed, who soon after fell into a doze. Adeliza, doubtful and disquieted, watched by the side of her friend, perplexing herself with tenthousand fears and unpleasant conjectures.

CHAP. XI.

" How wild is thought !--How terrible conjecture!"

THE situation to which our heroine felt herself reduced, was pitiable in the extreme. The physician called in, gave but faint hopes of the Marchioness's recovery, declaring that, as far as he could judge, the seat of her malady was the mind, and till that was removed, he could comparatively be of little use; but that a few days would bring on a crisis, when it was possible, though

though he feared not probable, that her disorder might take a favourable turn.

The Marquis confined himself to his own apartment, though he regularly sent many times a day to make enquiries after the Marchioness, as did anxiously the Duke. He would have persuaded Adeliza sometimes to leave the Marchioness to the care of her attendants, but this she would not for a moment listen to; nor had she for three nights laid her head upon her pillow, but with an agonized heart heard the melancholy ramblings of her unfortunate friend.

As she stood contemplating the emaciated form of the Marchioness, and weeping over the ravages a few days' illness had already made on her delicate frame, Josephine entered the room with a packet of letters in her hand.

" From

"From England, Ma'am," said she; "I trust these will bring some comfort, for I am sure you stand in need of it sadly!"

Adeliza experienced a faint emotion like joy spread through her heart, as she took the letters; but this was quickly succeeded by anguish, when her thoughts reverted to her insensible friend, who now, alas! was incapacitated from receiving one gleam of comfort from their contents. Softly stealing to the window, she opened one addressed to herself by the good Duchess of Ormond; nor could the expressions in it fail of conveying to her heart the most gratifying sensations. The encomiums bestowed upon her, she knew were sincere; for flattery was beneath a mind like that possessed by so inestimable a woman. The Duchess referred Adeliza to Lady VOL. II. Anna's L

Anna's letter for all the news, concluding with assurances of esteem and regard.

The Marchioness waking, Adeliza hastened to her assistance, as she had suddenly risen from her bed, and would, had not Josephine prevented her, have in a moment been out of the room. Adeliza, dreadfully alarmed, caught hold of her arm.

"My dear," said she, "whither would you go?"

The Marchioness put her hand to her forehead, and looking stedfastly at her—"Who are you?" said she; "I do not know you!—You shall not, however, confine me! I am going to my mother; she was here just now, and desired I would come to her. I shall obey her, in spite of that cruel man!—But hush! I must not call him so."

Adeliza had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to remain in the room; but no entreaties could prevail upon her to go to bed. She seated herself in the armchair, and insisted upon having her hat and shawl brought, for she was going to her mother.

Adeliza's tears almost blinded her, as she indulged the interesting invalid in this strange, though harmless whim. The physician coming in, was shocked, though not much surprised, at the scene that presented itself; but declared it to be highly dangerous for the Marchioness to remain up: and as entreaties were without effect, he was compelled to use threats, and at last, with no small difficulty, she was got into bed again.

He now informed Adeliza that it was highly probable the following day would determine

determine the fate of her friend. She shuddered as she received this information, while in her heart she fervently supplicated that Being, who is infinite in mercy as in power, to restore reason to her who now lay so cruelly bereft of it.

After some little time, finding the Marchioness lay perfectly quiet, and appearing to be in a sound and calm sleep, Adeliza ventured to leave her, intending merely to change her clothes, (which she had never done since she left the chateau), giving strict charge to old Felisse to call her, should her Lady stir. Her apartment was at some distance from that at present occupied by the Marchioness, who, for the sake of air, had been removed into a chamber leading into the garden.

As pensively she went along the gallery, she almost started on beholding the woeworn worn figure of the Marquis. He would have passed her. Adeliza approached him, and took his hand. She raised her eyes, suffused in tears of melancholy anticipation; there was an expression in that look which penetrated to the heart of the Marquis, and he too burst into tears.

"Do not, my Lord," said she, in sympathizing accents, "thus distress yourself!"

"Oh Adeliza!" he replied, in a solemn tone, "how could you be so barbarous as to conspire against my peace!—Was this well done of you?"

"Your words, my Lord," rejoined Adeliza, with unfeigned surprise, "are an enigma I cannot solve!"

"Rather declare," returned the Marquis, "you will not."

"My heart," said she, haughtily, "is at present too much racked, to enter, as you seem disposed, my Lord, into any dispute."

She would have left him; but he took both her hands, and with convulsive vehemence said—

"Tell me, Adeliza, shall I lose her?—I know I shall for ever!—and that idea, very hardly as she has used me, I cannot bear!—Oh Adeliza! how I have loved—how I feel still attached to that fascinating woman, faithless as I fear she has been!"

He struck his forehead, as if stung by maddening recollection, and walked hastily away. Adeliza followed, in spite of his insinuations against herself; her heart bled for his distress. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Surely,

"Surely, my Lord, if such be the sentiments you entertain of the suffering Marchioness, your ear must have been most cruelly abused !-- For what part of her conduct, allow me to ask, has been open to censure?—Nothing but the tongue of designing and malignant envy, could say aught against the reputation of my spotless friend!—Say, my Lord, have you yourself ever witnessed any thing improper or reprehensible in the conduct of the Marchioness?—If you have, I have done; but, on the contrary, should your treatment of her of late be the effect of what others have cruelly endeavoured to tempt you to give credit to, can I wonder at your present distress, when you see the misery you have inflicted?"

"Would to God," said the Marquis,
much agitated, "I durst believe your
14 spirited

spirited defence of her!-But would you not then laugh at me as a credulous dupe? -Oh Heaven! and can—is it possible that dissimulation should dwell in such a form? -Forgive, dear Adeliza, my harsh suspicions!-Did you know all, you would pity, as much at least as condemn me. But now, Truth has had her triumph over artful and malicious contrivance; the innocence that is reflected from your countenance, has dispelled every dark and degrading misconstruction.—Do with me as you will; command, and I will readily obey; only restore my suffering angel to my repentant arms!—May I accompany you to her chamber?—I will watch by her; nor leave her till happily her scattered senses are restored, and I obtain pardon from her own mild forgiving lips!"

They

They together went to the chamber of the Marchioness. She was asleep. The Marquis gazed on her pale and altered face with the most agonized emotions. Adeliza, fearful he would disturb her as well as unnecessarily harass himself, prevailed on him to leave the chamber, promising to call him the instant the Marchioness awoke. The Marquis submitted, and once more she pursued the way to her own chamber.

The business of the toilet was soon finished, and she returned to the sick room. Finding all remained quiet, she took from her pocket the letter of her little favourite, Lady Anna. As she broke the seal, a thousand painful ideas floated in her mind; a sickness overpowered her as the reflexions followed—"How long, how very long it is since I heard

of Percy! Heaven preserve him from every ill!"

She read over the first page, almost unconscious how her eyes were engaged, till the name of Lady Catherine Surrey arrested her attention, and rapidly recalled her scattered thoughts. Her heart palpitated violently as she read these words.

"I am certain it will give my dear Adeliza pleasure, to know that I have lately made a very agreeable acquaintance—indeed I might more properly say, many united in one family, though one only is honoured by my particular love, and that is the amiable Lady Catherine Surrey. I am pretty sure I have heard you mention her, therefore a description is unnecessary. The lady whom Lord Richmond married, is a cousin of mine; and at her house our acquaintance commenced. Her younger brother is a most elegant young man, just returned from sea, and who, between you and me, I might have been foolish enough to fall in love with, and which must have proved a sad business to poor Anna, had not Lady Richmond disclosed a secret which will preserve me from all danger. Captain Surrey is to be immediately married to a relation of her own, who is now on a visit to her, a Miss Fortescue."

The paper dropped from Adeliza's lifeless hand. She sank to the ground bereft of sense, and in her fall struck her head with violence against the corner of the

L 6

window-

window-shutter. Josephine, alarmed, ran to her assistance, and perceiving the blood trickling down her temple, screamed with terrified vehemence. This awoke the Marchioness, who instantly springing out of bed, approached the place where she lay. She flung herself on the floor beside her, clasping her arms round her waist.

"Will you not speak to me, my love," said the Marchioness, in a tone of the most expressive tenderness.

"She cannot, Madam," replied Josephine, as she drew back the handkerchief from Adeliza's bleeding temple; "I fear she will never speak again."

"Oh merciful God!" shrieked the Marchioness, while with looks of horror she surveyed the bloody handkerchief, "Oh cruel, most cruel!" sobbed she, spreading both

both hands over her face, "I will never look on him again!"

The apartment was by this time almost filled with servants; and, alarmed by the unusual bustle in the Castle, the Marquis eagerly enquiring into the cause, and finding all was not right in the Marchioness's room, hastily entered the apartment. The Marchioness, taking her hands from before her face, met the eyes of her husband, fixed on her with a look of care-drawn solicitude. She shuddered as she exclaimed—

"Oh hide me, hide me from that unpitying man!—See, he has murdered her!" pointing to the lifeless form of Adeliza. "He would have killed me first," continued she, in hurried accents; "but what has Adeliza done?—Oh, I know now!—Well, well, well, we shall see—I go too!—She shall not have a grave to herself!"

Adeliza

Adeliza opened her eyes, and sighing deeply, put her hand languidly to her head. Perceiving the Marchioness, she started from the ground.—"Good Heavens!" said she, "my dearest Marchioness, how came you here!—Do pray return to bed!—How truly grieved am I to be the occasion of so much confusion!"

The Marquis would have approached his wife; but, observing his design, she instantly got between Adeliza and him, and placed herself, as if to guard her.

"You shall not, dreadful as you are, come near her, while I have power to prevent it!—You tried to murder her once; see the blood—then I was not by to save her; but if it will give you any satisfaction, (for I know you hate me), you may kill me, and then, you know, I shall

go to heaven, for I never did harm to any one !—Oh no, indeed!"

The Marquis, inexpressibly affected, could no longer restrain his tears, which flowed fast down his face. Forgetting all former suspicion and resentment, he would have pressed his injured wife to his heart; but she eluded his embrace, and sinking on her knees, in the most piteous accents, besought him not to touch her. Adeliza, terrified for the effects of this violent exertion, entreated the Marquis to leave the room, as his presence evidently increased the derangement of the Marchioness.

With a bursting heart he obeyed, shocked beyond measure at the scene he had just witnessed, and went into the grounds in search of the Duke Garcias Moresco, in order to consult with him what steps it would

would be best to pursue under the present distressing circumstances.

After much anxious entreaty, Adeliza prevailed upon the Marchioness to return to bed. Josephine watched her varying countenance with apprehension, fearing each instant she should see her faint. As Adeliza smoothed the pillow, the Marchioness, looking stedfastly on her, said—"I wish you would not come here to torment me—I do not like you at all, though I am obliged to be civil to you!—Nay, you need not frown, and look so cross—you will not have me long!—Do pray leave me, then I shall go to sleep.—You look so shocking, I cannot bear to see you!"

This was more than Adeliza in her present weakened state could bear; she threw herself into a chair, and burst into an agony

of

of tears. Josephine, greatly affected, tried all in her power to comfort her.

"Do not, my dear young lady, I beseech you, take to heart what my poor Lady says. I am certain she loves you dearly, and I dare say she took you for some one else; indeed you would hardly know yourself just now."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Adeliza, "as she rose and walked towards the glass; but from which she started back on observing the shocking figure she made. Her face pale as ashes, her clothes sprinkled with blood, and her head bound up with a pocket handkerchief. She could hardly forbear smiling at the same time.

"Allow me, dear Ma'am," said Josephine, "to assist you in changing your dress; Felisse can watch by my Lady."

Adeliza ·

Adeliza gave Felisse a strict charge to call instantly if the Marchioness, who had dropped asleep, should stir or speak; and leaning on the arm of Josephine, she went back to her chamber.

"Here, Ma'am," said the good girl, half fearful while she took a letter from her pocket, "you let this fall in my Lady's chamber; so I took it up, that I might give it you when you were better."

Adeliza took the fatal letter with an altered countenance; and without even glancing her eyes on it, put it into her pocket. Having had her temple bathed, and bound up, which, though painful, was not deeply cut, and changed her clothes, she was terrified by hearing the voice of Felisse calling on her name. Quick as thought, she darted along the gallery, where

she was met by the old housekeeper wringing her hands, and exclaiming-

- " My Lady, my Lady! Oh my poor dear Lady!"
- "What of her?" breathless with apprehension, eagerly enquired Adeliza.
 - " She is gone, Ma'am!"
- "Gone!—Oh heavens! surely I cannot hear aright!"

But such indeed was the truth; for in no part of the chamber was the Marchioness to be seen. Adeliza's brain seemed to whirl, as in vain she searched all the rooms in that part of the building. The Marquis and Duke were, by the almost frantic Adeliza, loudly called; but they heard her not, being in a distant part of the grounds. She dispatched a servant after them, and sent others in different directions, in search of the distracted fugitive.

"Tell

"Tell me," said Adeliza, trembling, as she made the enquiry of the confounded housekeeper, "all you know of this mysterious escape. How could the Marchioness leave the room without your seeing it?"

"Indeed, Madam," she replied, "it was not my fault; for just after you left the room, my Lady Marchioness drew back the curtain, and, peeping at me, she beckoned me to come to her. I did so.

'Who are you?' said she. 'I never saw you before; but I like your looks.'

'I am your Ladyship's housekeeper,' said I; 'don't you, my Lady, remember old Felisse?'

'True,' said my Lady, 'I remember now; but tell me, is there no one in the room but you?'

'I said no one.'

'Then

- 'Then,' said she, 'my good old friend, 'will you do me a favour?'
- "So I said, as in duty bound, you know, Ma'am—'Oh, certainly, my Lady, I will.'
- "So then she desired me to go down to the green saloon, and next into the garden, and gather her a bunch of grapes. So away I went, thinking no harm, Miss; but, alack! when I came back, my Lady was gone. So then I called you, and now I may go and hide myself; for to a certainty my Lord Marquis will kill me if he sees me!"

Adeliza's amazement and consternation were beyond utterance; for not the slightest trace was left for her even to conjecture, what could have become of the Marchioness; and the Castle was searched all over without success. She returned to the deserted chamber, and now perceived,

what had before escaped her observation, from the curtain being down, that the glass-door leading into the garden, was open. Hope once more reanimated her sinking spirits as she descended the steps, thinking it impossible but here she must find the wanderer. She flew rather than walked, from place to place, explored every clump of trees and every recess; but the fugitive was not to be traced. Adeliza, her heart weighed down with despondency, returned to the Castle; and in the chamber of her lost friend found the Marquis and the Duke, where such a scene ensued, as beggars all description.

The agony and remorse of the Marquis, who considered himself the cause of this misfortune, together with his torturing fears for the loss of his injured wife, drove him almost to distraction. The Duke, too,

was extremely surprised and agitated, but had no idea that it was possible the Marchioness could be at any great distance, and had not the slightest doubt but she would soon be discovered. Indeed he appeared more interested about Adeliza than any preferable object.

He eagerly enquired why her head was bound up, and entreated that she would allow him to send for surgical assistance; but this she strenuously opposed, declaring that she should not rest an instant, or dedicate a moment to her own feelings, till her beloved friend should be found—not to say the wound was trifling in itself. Hurt at the careless manner in which the Duke talked of the disappearance of his amiable niece, she felt by no means disposed to remain longer where he was; but begging he would dispatch proper people in different

different directions, went herself again in quest of her friend.

The Marquis she met in the garden in a state bordering on frenzy, for not a vestige of his wife was to be seen; but not till it was dark, did they give up the pursuit. The servants returned, one after the other, equally unsuccessful. Adeliza could not think of going to bed; but, with the Marquis, explored the whole Castle, but all in vain. Morning dawned upon the wretched wanderers, and found them dispirited, jaded, and unhappy.

The Marquis took his horse, and rode for miles round, enquiring at every place that bore the semblance of a human habitation; but no such person as he described, had been seen. He promised the highest rewards to those who should prove instrumental in restoring her. At length the horrible idea took full possession of his mind, that she had perished somewhere; and every step he took in the domains, he shuddered, lest he should behold her lifeless body. Adeliza had no time to ruminate on her own distresses or disappointments, being absorbed in the anxious hope of seeing her kind, her interesting friend restored to her aching sight.

CHAP.

VOL. II.

CHAP. XII.

Farewell, delusive dreams of joy, farewell!

Come, fell Despair! thou pale-ey'd spectre, come;

Poor Adeliza, thy sad inmate, view.

And thou shalt grow and twine about her heart,

And she shall be so much enamour'd of thee,

The pageant Pleasure ne'er shall interpose

Her gaudy presence to divide thee more.

THREE days had elapsed, and still no intelligence of the Marchioness. Adeliza feared she was remiss in her duty, in not writing to the Duchess of Ormond an account of what had recently happened; but how

how could she do this?—How plant daggers in the breast of a parent?—In what language convey the dreadful tidings of the loss of her only, her darling child? This indeed was too distressing a task, and she shrunk from the performance of it.

As she sat revolving what was most prudent to be done in this dilemma, Lady Anna's letter recurred to her thoughts. She reflected on its contents, with a degree of horror and agony not to be described.

"Oh Percy!" exclaimed she, "is it thus all your vows, your protestations terminate?—Can it be possible that you have so soon forgotten me?—Cutting is that thought!—How am I changed?—What have I done to deserve this of you?—Oh Heaven!" continued she, "as she gazed

at his likeness, "and can this be so indeed, or do I dream?"

she took Lady Anna's letter, and again read it over;—the particulars were too exact to be doubted; they had been told her by her own relation as a secret, therefore there could be no interested motive for imparting them. Well, then, the truth appeared confirmed beyond a doubt, that Percy was faithless, and had not only so very soon forgotten her, but had already made a second choice. How painful, how humiliating was the reflection!

"And shall I," said Adeliza mentally, while the blood reanimated her pale and most expressive countenance, "grieve for his dishonourable desertion of me?—He told me—nay, he swore to me, he had chosen me from all the world beside; that he never

never did, nor ever could love but me alone!—Alas! I believed him truth and honour's self!—He has proved that he deserved not that high character !-- Oh!" said she, while tears streamed from her eyes, "how sincerely, how fervently have I loved him !—How deeply impressed in my heart has been his dear image !—How flown now is every hope of happiness!—pleasing visions, now all evaporated in empty air; and in the place of bliss, despair usurps its seat!—Despair! 'tis a dreadful word!— No, I will not be wicked as well as weak! That would be reprehensible indeed!—I will—I am resolutely fixed to struggle against these foolish forebodings!"

She quickly dried her tears, and hastily unfastening the miniature of Percy, she, with trembling hands, laid it upon the table.

M 3 "There,".

". There," continued she, not daring to trust herself with one look, lest her resolution should waver, "I have now for ever done with you!-No longer will I cherish a passion that would enervate my mind, and only bring discontent and misery to my heart.!—Oh that I could this instant tear your image from my remembrance!-but there, I sadly fear, the impression is too strong to be erased; yet it shall be done!—Shall I idly mourn the loss of one who has proved himself so undeserving?-No, honest pride forbid such weakness!-Yes, I will learn to estimate him as his conduct merits. He has given me up for another, and shall I be mean enough to repine, or waste my days in sorrow?— Oh no, no! I will not act so very weak a Still I wish him happiness.—I will strive for serenity at least, and the justice I owe

I owe myself, shall be called in as a powerful auxiliary!"

Full of this determination, Adeliza rose from her seat; the miniature met her eye; it seemed to look pensively towards her. She was affected, yet took it not up; but stood, with her arms folded, gazing on the lately beloved resemblance.

"Am I not too hasty in my conclusions?" thought she; "he may not be so much to blame. What Lady Anna said, may not be correct."

As these palliating ideas followed in quick succession through her mind, she heard a footstep coming along the gallery. This induced her hastily to restore the picture to its original station, and before she had time to fasten it, the Duke entered.

"I fear I have disturbed you, Miss M 4 Pembroke," Pembroke," said he, fixing his keen eyes on her face.

Adeliza hesitatingly replied he had not. He shook his head incredulously, as he seated himself.

"I wish to have some very serious conversation with you."

Adeliza bowed.—"The present trying circumstances, my Lord Duke, incapacitate the mind for any thing else."

"We differ," replied the Duke, after a moment's pause, in which his eyes were bent on the ground. "You cannot be ignorant, Miss Pembroke, how much I esteem and love you!—From the first moment I beheld you, amiable and fascinating as you are, my heart seemed irresistibly impelled to prefer you. Unfortunate as I had been before, I resolved to combat this (pardon the term) weakness; but I found my efforts ineffectual.

ineffectual. Reason and reflection the more strongly confirmed the choice inclination had made; and I have only waited for an opportunity to make these my sentiments known to you, sweet arbitress of my fate!"

Adeliza listened to this declaration with wonder and sorrow, till the Duke, exhausted by talking of his attachment, and sufferings in consequence of it, waited her reply.

"The regard which your Grace has just been pleased to express for me," said she, "with a degree of hauteur in her manner he had never before witnessed, "is as far above my merits as beyond my wishes. I am grateful for the good opinion with which your Grace condescends to honour me, but higher I never can aspire!"

"Your modesty, lovely, enchanting M 5 Adeliza,

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Adeliza; is equal to your other inestimable qualities," answered the Duke with a look of conscious triumph, "and only serves to exalt you the more in the opinion of one who must ever adore you!—Accept, divine Adeliza, this hand; the heart has long been devoted to you, and you alone can bless me with the perfection of human happiness!"

"I am extremely sorry your Grace's happiness is placed on so unstable, so slender a foundation!"

"Slender, Miss Pembroke, do you style it!—Surely you do not—you cannot mean to reject the offer I now make you?"

"Truly sensible as I am of the dazzling preference your Grace intended me, I absolutely decline the flattering distinction."

" Merciful Heaven!" said the astonished
Duke,

Duke, "surely—surely my senses mock me!—Can the companion of my nephew's wife refuse to become the wife of the Duke Garcias Moresco?"

"It is an honour," replied Adeliza, indignantly, "I never coveted, nor ever shall accept!"

"Take care, Adeliza, how you trifle with a man of my consequence; you as yet cannot even guess, what the effect of treating me with disdain may inflict!"

"What I have ventured to declare," replied Adeliza with firmness, "is not from vanity or pique; I speak the language of simple truth, not arrogance.—I never can unite my fate with that of the Duke Garcias Moresco. Be not offended, my Lord—I mean not to be disrespectful, but, in truth, I have no heart to bestow!"

"This I feared; but tell me, Adeliza, instantly tell me, who it is that dares dispute such a prize with me!—Ah! it is so!—I can now guess whose picture that was you were so industriously endeavouring to conceal, when I entered this room.—Oh Adeliza! Adeliza! that blush declares you guilty!"

"I am so," replied Adeliza, with animation, "of loving fervently one of the most perfect men ever created!—Think not, my Lord, I am ashamed of my attachment—no, I glory in it!—Here," continued she, taking the miniature from her bosom, "is the resemblance of the only man I ever loved!"

She held the picture towards the Duke; he looked at it, but instantly recoiled, with horror depicted in his face; then suddenly

suddenly advancing, he snatched hold of Adeliza's arm, and, in an agitated tone of voice, demanded how she came by that chain to which the miniature was suspended.

"The chain," reiterated Adeliza with astonishment.

"Yes, that chain!—No concealment! From whom did you get it?"

"It was my mother's!"

The Duke loosed his hold of her arm; for a few moments he stood aghast; then groaned—"From your mother, Adeliza?—Did you indeed say so?"

"I did, my Lord."

"Oh cursed, inconstant, perfidious Matilda!"

Adeliza shook with horror.—"Oh curse not, upbraid not my mother!—Who dares say aught against my angel mother?"

" Dares,

"Dares, Adeliza!-that is a dangerous term—I dare!—dare call her the most cruel, most treacherous of her sex!—Yes, yes, she is indeed your mother!—the likeness shot through my infatuated soul the first time you met my view.—What malignant demon ruled that hour, and sent you hither to torment me!—Oh God! have I not been sufficiently punished, without this bitter aggravation to my sufferings?—Why eame you to Santa Fe?—I know; to blight the small remnant of scanty comfort, saved out of the wreck of former happiness!-And was not this enough?—Must the happiness of my nephew fall a sacrifice to your hereditary unfeeling arts!—For now I give the most implicit belief to all that I have heard alledged against you!—Yes, Vittoria, thou wert right indeed !- Dupe, credulous fool that I have been, a second time

time to be imposed on by the semblance of virtue!—Your mother ought to have been my wife; but she despised and abandoned, me for a man (my whole soul recoils at the bare recollection) I introduced as my friend!—I was weak enough to love her—nay, almost to distraction; nor could I ever think of marrying after the treatment I received from her, but abjured the whole sex. I gave her that chain; well might I recollect it—my picture was then attached to it.—Mysterious powers! that thus I should again behold it!"

Adeliza stood transfixed with horror and: amazement.

"I shall," continued the Duke, "inform the Marquis of the discovery I have just made, and leave him to judge and act for himself."

He left the room, and violently pulled the door after him. The noise seemed to recall Adeliza's scattered senses. She seated herself, and leaning her head on her hand, waited with calmness the result. It was not long ere the Duke, and with him the Marquis, entered. The Duke with hasty strides traversed the apartment, while the Marquis seated himself by her.

"What," said he, "am I, Miss Pembroke, to think of what I have just been informed?"

"What you please, my Lord," she replied.

"Ah! is it thus you answer me?—Would it not, think you, be more prudent, for your own sake, to endeavour to sooth rather than irritate me?"

"Why should I do this, my Lord?—I know

know of no offence I have been guilty of,
—I can have nothing therefore to fear."

Something more satisfactory than words," rejoined the Marquis, "is now necessary to prove, that you have not been accessary to the disappearance of the Marchioness.—It is impossible but this must have been the case. I am convinced the whole has been a deep-laid plot to accomplish my ruin! Adeliza, what letter was that I saw you hastily put into your pocket the morning we left the chateau?"

Adeliza blushed, and hesitating to answer, the Marquis said—

- "I know from whom it came—Count Julian!"
 - "It was," replied she.
- "And the subject?" interrogated the Marquis.
 - "That," replied Adeliza with spirit,
 "you

"you, my Lord, can have no possible right to demand, nor shall I reveal it."

"I must insist upon seeing it, Madam!"

"That, my Lord, you cannot do, for I have destroyed it!"

"On my soul," replied the Marquis, while his lips quivered with rage, "I believe 'tis false!—The letter you received a few days back—that too, I suppose, is likewise destroyed."

"I have it now about me," replied Adeliza calmly.

"That was from Julian too, was it not?"

"It was not, my Lord, nor have I heard any thing from, or of him since I left the chateau."

"Shew me the letter now in your pocket," said the Marquis, "and I shall so far believe what you have advanced, to be true."

"If my word is not sufficient testimony of my innocence, my Lord, I shall take no other means of convincing you of it. The letter was on a subject that concerned myself alone, therefore the perusal of it could be no gratification to you."

"I told you," said the Duke, advancing, how it would be, Marquis.—This proud girl certainly knows of the Marchioness's flight, though she denies it."

"One question more," said the Marquis, "answer me, I solemnly charge you, with truth—were you, or were you not in the garden of the chateau, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the night before we left it?"

"I was, my Lord."

"And

[&]quot;And who was with you?"

[&]quot; No one—I was quite alone."

"And you did not see the Marchioness and Count Julian there?"

This was a question she was distressed beyond measure how to answer. At length she said, while her voice faltered—

"Yes, my Lord, I did see them."

An exclamation of horror escaped from the Duke. The Marquis struck his hands together with violence, After a moment's pause, the Duke said to Adeliza—

"You have now, by your own confession, condemned yourself, Miss Pembroke; we wanted but this to confirm our too well-founded suspicions. Confess where the Marchioness is, or at least all you know of her; and, unjustifiable as your conduct has been, (in my eyes aggravated tenfold by your mother's) you shall return to your friends; but, on the contrary, should

should you persevere in your pretended ignorance, you must abide by the consequences."

"I am not," said Adeliza, resuming all her native dignity and spirit, "to be intimidated by your threats, nor have I any thing to confess. My soul rises superior to these Spanish indignities you have degraded your rank by heaping upon me; nor shall I make the slightest attempt to clear myself from so loathsome a charge."

"You may change your mind ere morning," replied the Duke, "loftily as you now talk; and till that time, we allow you to consider what will be the most prudent plan for you to pursue. You may now retire!"

Adeliza left the room of *Inquisition* with such an air as conscious innocence alone could

could inspire. She went up to her chamber, and shutting the door, threw herself upon the bed. Her head felt as if it would burst; her heart throbbed with violence; she rose, and traversed up and down her chamber; she felt horror-struck at the accusation brought against her; and she reflected on it with a mixture of grief and indignation that swelled her heart almost to breaking.

The moon shone directly into her chamber; she went to the window, and opening the casement, seated herself at it. She wished, if possible, to divert her thoughts from the subject that tortured her. She gazed upon the tranquil scene before her, and sighed at the tumultuous contrast her bosom presented. On the opposite steeps, covered with lofty pine,

the

the pale Queen of night threw her silvery rays, which formed a strong opposite to the deep shadow that involved the vale beneath.

As she sat contemplating, her aching head resting upon her fair hand, she was startled by the sound of voices, apparently in earnest conversation. She listened, and perceived they proceeded from below. Turning her eyes downward, she discovered two figures slowly advancing along the rampart. One of them she observed made use of a great deal of impressive action.

"I know that air," said Adeliza to herself; "surely it is familiar to me!"

They advanced, passed beneath the window, and disappeared. As she still kept her station, she perceived the same figures return, and with them a third. Just as they

they reached the place, above which her window was, they paused; and she thought she could not be mistaken in the person of one of the three being the Duke Garcias Moresco. She shuddered unconsciously; her heart beat as she shrunk back into the corner of the window-seat, fearful she might be observed. The person she supposed to be the Duke, advanced towards one of the cannon; and the moon shining immediately upon the place, she was no longer in uncertainty, but saw it was indeed the Duke. She kept her eye sted-fastly fixed upon him, wondering what was to follow.

Approaching the cannon, he put his hand upon it. The men, who she perceived were Moors, drew their sabres, and laying them on the hand of the Duke, which

wich was extended on the cannon, bowed their non seemingly repeating some words, The men crossed memselves and put their sabres up, and the Duke, taking something from his pocket, presented it to each of them; then shaking hands with them, (which astonished Adeliza more, if possible, than any thing else she had then witnessed), he walked away. The men, when alone, each produced the bag the Duke had presented them with, and which she distinctly observed contained money. As they counted it over, and then returned it to its place, some dispute seemed to arise. One appeared to menace the other by extending his hand in a threatening posture, while the other clapped his hand to the hilt of his sabre, and Adeliza trembled lest bloodshed should be the conse-VOL. II. N quence.

quence. No such disaster, however ensued, for presently me Moons shook hands, and quietly walked off together.

Adeliza watched till morning dawned; but nothing was to be seen except the sentinels as they slowly paced the ramparts. She closed the casement, and throwing herself comfortless upon her bed, weary and exhausted in body and mind, she fell asleep, from which she did not awake till roused by the voice of Josephine, who informed her that the Duke waited breakfast for her.

Having delivered her message, she departed without saying another word. This Adeliza knew must be by the Duke's imperious orders, and her heart sunk within her when she thought of what had passed

the



the preceding evening. With trembling steps our abused, perplexed, and unhappy heroine took her way to the breakfast-room.

END OF VOL. II.

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